

JACK'S CARRIER-PIGEONS



HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH

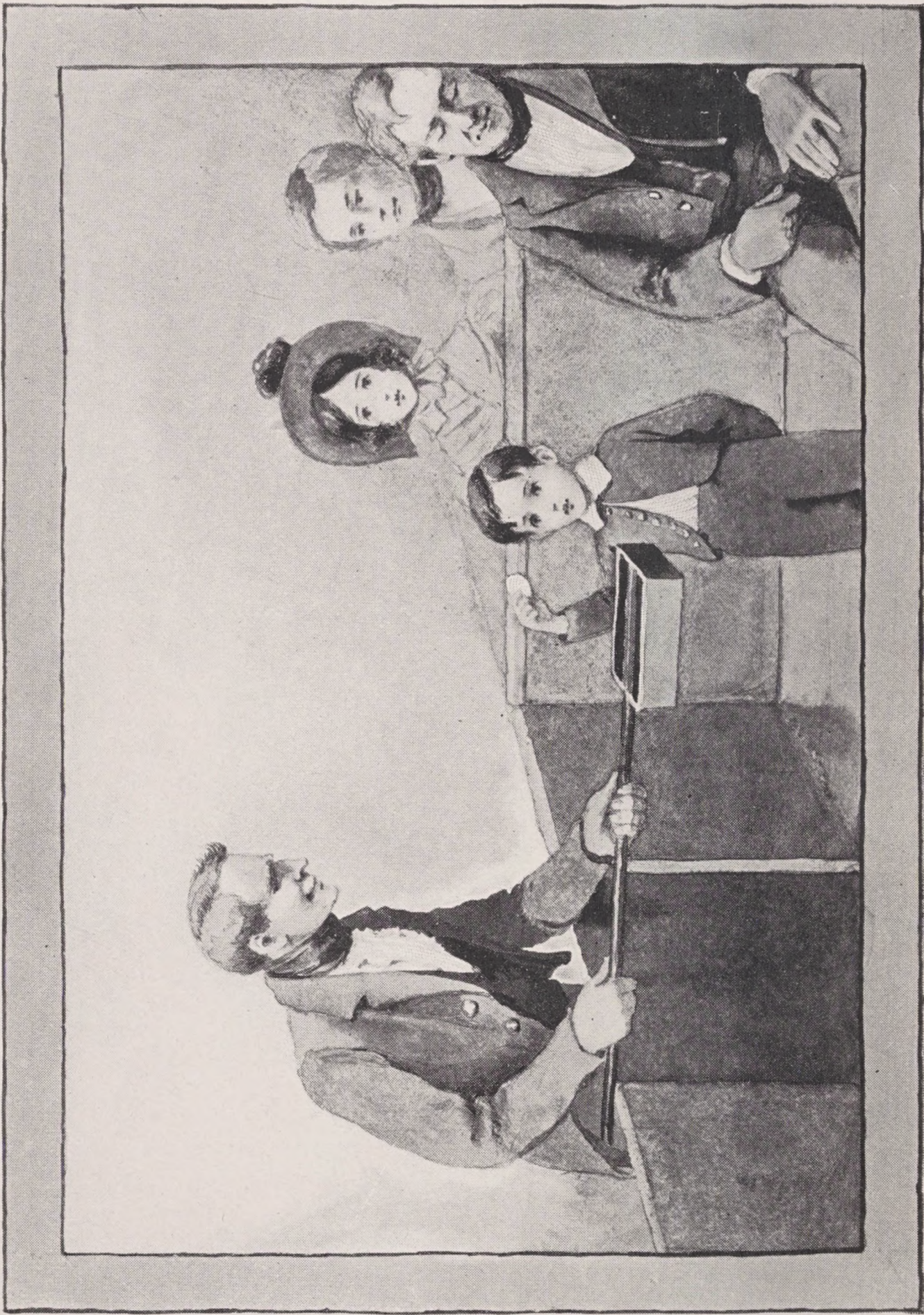


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"I lifted the doubloon high over the benevolent box, so that all could see it." (Page 32.)

JACK'S CARRIER PIGEONS

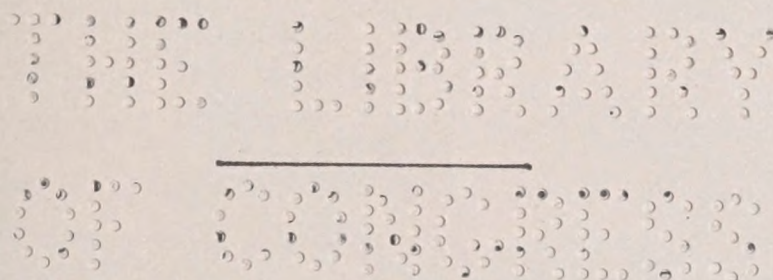
A TALE OF THE TIMES OF

FATHER TAYLOR'S MARINERS' HOME

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH

Author of

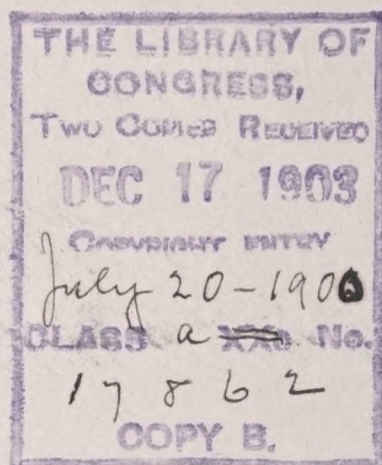
"BORDENTOWN STORY-TELLERS," "ZIGZAG JOURNEYS,"
"STORY OF THE HYMNS," "LOG SCHOOLHOUSE
ON THE COLUMBIA," "IN THE BOYHOOD
OF LINCOLN," ETC.



BOSTON

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PREFACE.

I AM a believer in the kindergarten school which seeks to develop the heart, conscience and imagination of the child. Moral education is the need of the age, to make it a nobler generation of men.

I wrote "The Bordentown Story-Tellers" to illustrate in a popular way some of the features of the Swiss kindergarten and its parable stories. I have a like purpose in this book to show how to form a kindergarten Sunday-school, and I know of no more suitable place for a part fiction of this kind than the old North Square, Boston, in the days of Father Edward F. Taylor and the work of the Port Society. Father Taylor was the children's friend, and a natural story-teller.

Father Taylor was a preacher to all Boston. Emerson, Hawthorne, Ware, Sumner, Phillips, and the most cultured people were to be found in his sailor audience, and Elizabeth Palmer Peabody, "Grandmother Boston," "Saint Elizabeth," the founder of the Swiss kindergarten in America, was among its friends. Even Jenny Lind when in Boston went

to hear good Father Taylor preach, as did Charles Dickens, from whom we quote a notable description of the sailor preacher and of his methods of illustrating truth.

The recent attention given to the view of an eminent Boston preacher, that little animals and birds should be given the freedom of the primary schoolroom—that they should be permitted to be little teachers there—suggested to me the character Jack. The associations of little animals make the child considerate and humane, which principle it is the aim of the book to illustrate, after Frobel's idea.

I write the book in the indirect way of interpolated stories. Sailors' stories usually find readers, and in Father Taylor's day the Mariners' Home in old North Square was a resort of many story-tellers from the sea. Many of these wayfarers' stories must have had a charm to them, for they related unusual events.

Father Taylor had a pigeon-house in the tower of his church or roofs of his buildings. The pigeons were his brothers; they seemed to know the heart of the kindly old man. A pigeon-house found a place in Trinity Church Tower, Boston, in the days of Phillips Brooks, and the iridescent wings of the pigeons still glimmer in the air around the tower.

The book suggests methods of forming kindergarten Sunday-schools. Father Taylor's work was full of the kindergarten spirit. It introduces Miss Pea-

body as a character of part fiction, giving the substance of her views of heart education.

While the book is in part fiction, Father Taylor's influence through his kindness to birds is a well-known legend of the old North Square, Boston.

Miss Peabody's work has found a monument in the "Elizabeth Peabody House," and indirectly in Charles Bank, where may be seen the kindergarten sand pens, and one of the most beautiful playgrounds in the country. Boston has become a kindergarten city.

I am indebted to Bachellor's Syndicate, Am. Press Association, "Our Young People," "Young People's Weekly," "The Ladies' World," "Success," and "Youth's Companion" for permission to use again some of my published stories.

26 WORCESTER ST., *June 1st, 1900.*

The only preacher I heard in Boston was Mr. Taylor, who addresses himself peculiarly to seamen, and who was once a mariner himself. I found his chapel down among the shipping, in one of the narrow, old, water-side streets, with a gay blue flag waving freely from its roof. In the gallery opposite to the pulpit were a little choir of male and female singers, a violoncello, and a violin. The preacher already sat in the pulpit, which was raised on pillars, and ornamented behind him with painted drapery of a lively and somewhat theatrical appearance. He looked a weather-beaten, hard-featured man, of about six or eight and fifty; with deep lines graven as it were into his face, dark hair, and a stern, keen eye. Yet the general character of his countenance was pleasant and agreeable.

—CHARLES DICKENS, in "American Notes."

JACK'S CARRIER PIGEONS.

CHAPTER I.

“HOLIDAY HOME.”—THE PIGEON.

NEAR the middle of the nineteenth century there stood in North Square, Boston, a tall building called the Mariners' Home. It was near Father Taylor's Bethel, and was a part of the institution for seafaring men that was largely sustained by the Boston Port Society.

The home was the popular resort for sailors while in port. With it was connected a sea store. The merchants of Boston contributed largely to these charities, and Father Taylor's Bethel became a popular church to which the rich and cultured as well as the seafarers resorted.

But the “body of the house,” as the middle aisle was called, was reserved for the seafaring men. A merchant in society dress one Sunday morning attempted to find a seat there, but was debarred. He

went home, put on a sailor's suit, and was seated with the sailors, so democratic was Father Taylor whose rude eloquence and vivid rhetoric charmed the multitudes who filled the Bethel for many years, and whose unique and curious figures of speech were quoted throughout the country.

Behind good Father Taylor's pulpit was a picture of a ship in distress weathering the storm. Father Taylor preached in sailor phrases, and quoted sea songs, as

“There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
To keep watch for poor little Jack.”

He called the pulpit platform the “quarterdeck,” and the church building a “ship,” and he would refer to a dead sailor as one

“Whose body had gone under the hatches.”

He had very liberal views; all denominations of Christians visited the Bethel, Catholics as well as Protestants. The sailor preacher had a common message for all. He was by association a Methodist, though he preached to the seafaring people of all denominations.

Nothing like Father Taylor's sermons was ever heard in Boston. The ocean had been his teacher; he had been schooled in the storm. Words to him were pictures; stories, parables of life. He walked the platform like a sailor, but with Bible in hand.

His genius was beyond any art. At a funeral where the widow of the deceased sat near the pulpit, he once exclaimed: "O Lord, we are all widows to-day," and he used to say: "Where a good man is, there is heaven."

He probably had heard little of kindergarten, except, perhaps, through Miss Peabody, who was beginning her mission in Boston at the time. But he was a natural kindergartner; he believed in the power of the illustration of truth; he loved stories, and he made stories live; he made all things preach, in the way that Froebel made nature teach.

He was a very kindly and charitable man, but could be sharp in reproof. Once when Jenny Lind was present, a man mounted the pulpit stairs and asked him: "Would a man go to heaven if he were to die at one of Jenny Lind's concerts?" He answered: "A Christian will go to heaven, let him die where he will, and a fool will be a fool wherever he may be, even if it were on the pulpit stairs."

The holidays were great seasons at the Mariners' Home, as we will call several buildings which sailors occupied. Sailors from all lands gathered there; stevedores warmed themselves by the glowing fires. Old sailors related their best stories there.

One year, when the Christmas snows were falling on the old North Square and Father Taylor's pigeons had closed up their feathers and sat silent as birds of clay in the windy tower, an old mariner

who had been "seven times around the Horn" said to the sailors and stevedores around the fire:

"Here we are from all parts of the globe, and few are the ports that some of us have not seen. Let us tell stories of all our home lands—let each one tell the best story that he ever heard, after the manner of Scheherezade in the 'Arabian Nights.'"

"And whom might that person be?" asked a stevedore.

"Ah," said the old sailor, "and haven't you heard? The Sultan of India had a bad habit of cutting off the heads of his wives when he tired of them, and when he sought a new wife, he found the princesses timid. But a vizier's daughter said to her father:

"I will marry the Sultan, and he will not cut off my head. I will tell him half of an enchanting story one day, and promise to tell him the rest another day."

"So she married the Sultan and did not lose her head.

"Let us tell stories to each other during the holidays from Scottish Hallowe'en until the twelfth Night, and each story must have a charm and be so entertaining as to bring us all back again to spend our evenings here. We will burn driftwood that turns green and blue and red during the story-telling, and the story-teller shall sit on a red settle before the driftwood fire."

There was an old clergyman in Boston who was a poet, and he liked to visit the sailors in their snug retreat. We will call him the Poet.

He heard the good sailor's proposal with much animation.

“I will tell you some stories in verse with gingles from time to time, Captain Silver,” for such was the sailor's name.

There was a Boston man present of a great heart named Pigeon, who had done much for the comfort of the Mariners' Home. He clapped his hands on his knees, so as to make them chink, and said:

“Though I am a landlubber, I have some stories that I will slice in between the sea yarns and the poems. Let us call this place *Holiday Home*, from October to the Twelfth Night, for I see that Captain Silver holds to the old English terms.”

It was agreed that except on Father Taylor's prayer-meeting nights the sailors should tell stories, and the good Poet recite ballads “with gingles,” and Landsman Pigeon should “improve his gifts” by legends of those who had traveled by land.

So one night Captain Silver said:

“Let us set the red settle in front of the driftwood fire.”

The settle was placed, and an old sailor from the Spanish Main sat down upon it, and the spark- flew up the flue of the chimney, red and yellow and blue.

The autumn was inclining towards winter. The wind from the sea blew through the square.

The driftwood fire burned blue at first.

The old Boston Poet came in and sat down among the sailors "to see red the fire burn," as he said.

At last the door opened, and Father Taylor himself appeared, with deep, kindly eyes, and great spectacles on his forehead.

He sat down before the fire, which began to roar, for the wood was seasoned as all ship wood is, and the air was dry and keen.

"Captain Fayerweather," said Father Taylor, "you are not much in port—you have weathered the Spanish Main on many a voyage. It should be your turn to tell a story to-night. You come from the Hidden Farms."

There were certain places in old Ipswich called the "Hidden Farms"—farms on which the people of Boston town in early times might find a refuge in case of a French invasion.

Captain Fayerweather punched the fire with a pair of brass tongs.

Suddenly there was heard a flutter outside. Father Taylor turned to the window.

"There's one poor bird out in the storm," said he. "Heaven pity the birds that get belated on the dark seas and have to alight on the mast." He was talking in a figure as usual.

He got up and opened the door and came back,

bringing with him a pigeon with a broken wing. He turned to Captain Fayerweather.

“That bird,” he said, “seems to know that I will protect him. How? I cannot tell. Captain Fayerweather, God is in that bird. Don’t you believe it?”

“I believe that God is in you, and the bird knew it. How did he get hurt?”

“I do not know. Heaven pity the wretch, if any human being wounded this poor bird. He looks queer. Now don’t he? Great rims around his eyes, just like mine.”

He held the pigeon against his cheek and said:

“Now, captain, tell us a story—I did not always feel so tender towards the birds—but I am another man now.”

“Another man?” said the captain.

The latter clapped his hands on his knees, and said:

“Well, *Elder* Taylor, I will tell you a story of a man who became *another* man.”

So the story-telling in the Mariners’ House began with the poor pigeon pressing its quivering wing against the face of Father Taylor. Captain Fayerweather called the sailors’ friend “*Elder*” Taylor, after a manner of the time.

CHAPTER II.

THE HIDDEN FARM, OR OLD CAPTAIN FAYERWEATHER'S POCKET-PIECE.

“I AM going to tell you,” said the old sea captain, holding out his hard hands towards the driftwood fire, which was burning green now, “a tale of how one man became, as I said, *another* man. I love to visit this Snug Harbor when I am in town, and I sometimes tell this story, when I can find ears to hear me.

“Captain Fayerweather—my own name you see—lived in Ipswich town. He was a New Englander of the old type. He kept but one holiday, and that was Thanksgiving. He paid twenty dollars towards the minister’s salary, and he gave just one lonesome, companionless dollar to charity, and that was on Thanksgiving Day, when he would ride over to the church when he was in port, and make his blessed offering of all that one dollar to the poor. He had but one wish, which was to become a rich man, to make for himself an old age of comfort and to leave all he could gain to his own family. His own blood

was all the world to him, and the whole of the earth was bounded by the 'hidden farm.'

"He grew richer and richer, and as his stocks enlarged, the one solitary dollar which he yearly gave to the poor became as large as a cartwheel in his eyes. If anybody spoke to him about remembering the needy, he would say: 'Poor? God bless you, we haven't any here, so we have no need to tax our memory,' and his inventory of the place was almost true, except in a few cases of men whose ships had gone down.

"Captain Fayerweather once met an old Carib Indian in the Spanish Islands who became greatly attached to him. When the two parted, the Carib gave him a large round gold doubloon as a pocket-piece. The Carib pretended to be a kind of prophet, and said to him:

" 'Captain, on the day that you part with this, you will become another man.'

" 'The Lord forbid,' said the captain, 'that I should ever become any other man than myself.'

"But he did not know himself.

"It was noticed that Captain Fayerweather made a pocket-piece of the Spanish doubloon, but the officers said that he always locked it up in his chest when he retired to his bunk. The magical coin never found the captain asleep on the sea, except when it was in prison somewhere. The words 'another man' had fixed themselves upon his mind;

they haunted him. No one ever loved Captain Fayerweather like Captain Fayerweather. He could give more for himself than for a dozen men.

"It was the same on the land. He showed the glittering gold disk to the salts of the Ipswich town, and confidently told its legend to a few, all of whom said:

" 'Be careful of it, captain, be careful!'

"And to this caution Captain Fayerweather invariably replied:

" 'Don't you bother, you may be sure I will. Keep still, and show your wisdom, and I will leave it to my grandchildren for good luck.'

"I was one of those grandchildren. I had heard of my rich grandfather, whose ship traded at Jamaica, and who lived on one of the hidden farms of the ancient Winthrops, Dudleys and Saltonstalls. I had been told that the farm was all meadows, birds and bees, and had been promised a visit to the place some time when the captain was in port. But I had never heard of the magical pocket-piece or the legend of the Bahama Sea.

"At the age of ten, or more, I had never seen my golden grandfather to know him, though he had once seen me when I was a little child. He had pretended to be very much interested in me and to have great hopes of me. His name was *Daniel* Fayerweather, so was mine. He probably thought that I would

creditably continue the family name and his prudent thrifty character.

“ At this time, before I had entered into my teens, Captain Fayerweather’s ship came sailing into the port of Boston; this time from Callao, the port of Lima, Peru. He had been gone a long time. It was in November that the ship arrived. My mother met him at the shipping office, and he arranged with her that she should spend Thanksgiving with him on the hidden farm at Ipswich, and that she should bring ‘the boy.’

“ My eyes must have danced when she told me about the invitation, for I was fresh from ‘Sinbad the Sailor,’ and from like Oriental dreams of the Arabian Nights, and I had for several growing years listened eagerly to any account of my ancestor whose country was the world and sea, and who traded among the old Spanish isles and on the coasts of the republics of the sun.

“ ‘ You must be careful not to ask him for too many things,’ said my mother; ‘ he is a little near, as most property people, who have toiled for their money, are.’

“ I did not comprehend just what she meant by ‘a little near.’ It had an affectionate sound, and so did not disenchant me.

“ I have a very vivid recollection of the November day when my mother and I arrived at the hidden farm. The woods were red, the orchards yellow;

there were blooming witch hazels by the wood sides, and purple gentians by the wayside streams. The orchards had a mellow, cidery odor; stacks of husks were rising near the long barn; flocks of birds were gathering in the fields, and the woodbine lay scarlet over the lean-to under the two high chimneys.

"He stood at the door awaiting us, a portly man, of gray hair, and as really wonderful in appearance as my imagination had pictured him to be.

" 'And this is my little grandson,' he said, 'the boy that bears my own name, and a right rugged boy he is.'

"He lifted me up; it seemed as though I were climbing a mountain.

" 'Don't let me fall,' said I. 'O Captain Fayerweather, don't, don't!'

"It seemed to me that I was in some perilous place in the air. He was about to kiss me, but my cold words 'Captain Fayerweather' suddenly checked his affection.

" 'You should say Grandfather,' said he, as he put me down.

"That night we sat down by the great open fireplace before a driftwood fire.

"My grandfather talked of his voyages, and told a very wonderful tale of some pirates who were brought into Kingston, Jamaica, for trial, and who could not be proved to be guilty of sea robbery, and were discharged. On the day that they were set

free a strong box came rolling in upon the surf, and it was found to contain certain property and treasures which they had thrown overboard to prevent discovery. So the sea bore witness against them, and they were arrested again, and hanged.

“As he was relating this tale, to which I was all ears, he took from his pocket an immense gold piece, and absently turned it over and over in his hand. Now and then it glimmered in the blue or red light of the driftwood fire. Then I became all eyes. I stretched out my hands to touch it; he started, and put it back into his pocket. I had never seen so large a coin before.

“‘I am thankful for the hidden farm,’ the old captain remarked after the story, ‘for I love to shun folks, and am by nature a solitary man. I live square with the world, and I have but little sympathy with those that get wrecked for want of pilotage, and what I give, as old Lady Lovelace said, is “nothing to nobody.” I am capable of earning my own living, by the exercise of sound sense, and I like to be left alone here among my own orchards.’

“The hidden farm had some terrible traditions of the changes that come into life. Hugh Peters is said to have been there in pastoral duties; the Reverend Hugh, who succeeded Roger Williams at Salem, and who was sentenced in the Tower of London to be ‘drawn upon a hurdle, to be hanged, cut down while alive, disemboweled, and to have his vital parts

burned, and then be quartered, and his head placed upon a pike.' All this for conspiring against King Charles I. The regicides, Goffe and Whalley, are said to have hidden in the houses of this old Boston hiding place, which hid the captain from the many beggars of this changeful world.

" 'I am thankful that there is a hidden farm for such as I,' he repeated, 'a hidden farm.'

" He arose and walked the room. I whispered to mother, all imagination:

" 'Wouldn't that pocket-piece look good in the contribution box?

" 'What, my dear?' said she, gently.

" 'That great coin.'

" 'Yes, dear, but father does not often give as much as that at a single time!'

" Before we retired for the night grandfather said:

" 'To-morrow is Thanksgiving. I must go to the church in the morning, as I used to do. I suppose they'll expect me to give something.' His voice ran down the scale of minor notes.

" 'I'll have to remain at home to prepare the dinner,' said my mother.

" 'Then if you don't mind I'll take little Daniel with me. They are going to take up a special contribution, I am told, to prevent Deacon Trueblood from becoming a charge upon the town. The deacon has lived an honest life, but he has had a hard time.

He used to be a sea captain; his ship went down—that was twenty years ago.’

“ ‘I should be sorry to see such a man as he go to the poorhouse,’ said my grandmother. ‘You, Daniel, used to be intimate with him when you two were boys, and once was the time that he was as prosperous as you.’

“ ‘Yes, we used to sit in the same seat at school. Well, I have prospered some, and he lost his ship, and after that he was another man. Everything went wrong with him. I shall have to put an extra dollar in the box to-morrow.’

“I noticed a strange look in his face after he had uttered the words, ‘another man.’ It was as though he had spoken without thought.

“I went to bed that night with my young mind filled with wonder at the mysteriousness of this ever-mysterious world. Why should Deacon Trueblood have been left poor in a town where all seemed so prosperous, and why should not grandfather have made good some of his losses for old friendship’s sake?

“The next morning I ran to meet my grandfather as soon as he came into the room. He looked tired and strange. I put out my hands and he took them, but said to my mother:

“ ‘I have had a wakeful night.’ He turned around twice.

“ ‘ Why, father, it was very still. Perhaps it was because the moon is at the full.’

“ ‘ I had a dream just after I retired. It was one of those vivid dreams that do not let one go to sleep again.’

“ ‘ What was it about, father?’ asked mother.

“ He stood back to the blazing fire with his hands behind him, after the old New England way.

“ ‘ It was about an Indian pilot and diver; I thought I saw him.’

“ ‘ Was it any one that you had ever seen before?’

“ ‘ Yes—I once employed him as a diver. He told me that a change might some day come over my mind or fortunes, and that I would become “ another man.” ’

“ ‘ But why, father, should an Indian diver say such a thing?’

“ ‘ He was a kind of gipsy of the sea; he thought he had the gift of second sight. You may think that I am superstitious. The old captains of our family used to consult with Moll Pitcher, the witch of Lynn, whose table may still be seen in the old Salem museum. But ever since the day I met the pilot I have been haunted by the fear of becoming another man. I have directed my whole life to being what I am now. My individuality is more than precious to me. Last night in my dream—it was one of those dreams that are more vivid than life itself—I thought I heard the Indian pilot say,

“Another man.” Then the words, “Vaya usted con Deos,” echoed after it—“Go thy way with God,” a Spanish farewell of no evil import. But it was the words, “another man,” that troubled me and kept me awake. Old Captain Trueblood, whom they had made a deacon, became another man. His ship went down and fortune forsook him. There are more rocks than those in the sea in this world.

“‘Most of the old Ipswich captains,’ he continued, ‘have made small fortunes and live in good houses or on comfortable farms. But not all. Captain Hartwell, he became another man; he is in the Sailors’ Snug Harbor, as the soldiers’ poor-house on the Cape is called. Captain Jordan is there too, and Mate Hopestill, and Pilot Talmouth, and a number of honest sailors. They all became other men. They never thought that they would.’

“He walked to and fro greatly agitated.

“‘I can see the diver in my mind,’ he said, ‘as he stood there rocking in his boat on the Bahama Sea. He lived at Fortune Island. He was a tall, spare man, with deep-set black eyes.’

“Grandfather turned toward the blazing fire. He started back suddenly. ‘I can see him there—I can see him now; no,’ he added, ‘that is but my old dream, like the shadow of a rainbow, or a shadow of a shadow. He said, “Captain, we shall meet again.”’

“ ‘ But what could possibly change your life, father? ’

“ ‘ I might lose my senses. I might fall sick, or the ship company might fail and leave me despondent, or paralyzed. I have thought of all these things since my dream. But there is one thing strange about it all: The Indian diver did not say that evil would befall me—only that I would become “ another man.” ’

“ He took a few more turns before the fire, and then I heard him say:

“ ‘ It is well I must do by the contribution box to-day. If it were not for that I would hardly go to church. I am so sleepy after last night. I heard the clock strike every hour.’

“ It was Thursday, the 28th of November, an Indian summer day. The bare limbs of the trees were covered with frost and glimmered like jewels. The bell of the old country church beat the clear air, and carriages began to fill the long line of sheds, over which clematis, turned yellow, and wild grapes hung.

“ My grandfather took me by the hand and we walked to the country church. I could see that he was still troubled—that something was weighing upon his mind.

“ The church was out of the village on the stone-walled country road, but it was filled with people

before the hour of service. There was to be a Thanksgiving solo with the chorus, 'Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness!' and the 'Ode on Science' was to be sung. The parson was to repeat a famous sermon on the mystic subject, 'The measure of the man was the measure of the angel,' a doubtful argument, which he had made from a verse in the Apocalypse. A popular lady teacher was to sing a solo by request, 'Hullah's Storm,' as it was then called, a song which Adelaide Phillips, I think, had made popular, and which was well adapted to a Thanksgiving service among a partly seafaring population.

"Grandfather Fayerweather owned a family pew, a place so sacred to him that he was strenuous that no one should ever occupy it but himself and his family. He told the sexton one day that he need not offer the hospitality of it to any visiting stranger, that his pew was not 'a common cow pasture,' after which simile the good man understood the aristocratic respect due to that particular part of the sanctuary. So when we entered the church we found all of the pew awaiting us, which gave us both, I fancied, as young as I was, a sense of dignity as well as of comfort.

"The church was crowded; the galleries were filled, and all the pews but our own, which presented a picture of exclusive domain. I sat close to my portly grandfather, and surveyed the scene won-

deringly. A country church Thanksgiving was a notable event of old New England days. The pulpit was tall and hung with red curtains; there had been a sounding-board over it in early times. A bass viol and violin led the singing, which belonged to the vigorous school of music. Grandfather seemed to enjoy the music, especially the 'Ode on Science,' which began:

“ ‘The morning now shines from the east
And speeds the glories to the west.’

“ The prayer was long, and I saw that the captain became a little drowsy before it was through. Somewhere in the prayer, which was an historical one, when the parson was following the Hebrews through their wanderings in the Wilderness or down by the streams of Babylon, I was surprised to see the captain nod, once, twice, thrice, and then to throw up his head with a commanding resolution, as if to say, in a low tone, ‘I have not been asleep!’

“ Asleep? It would be ridiculous for Captain Daniel Fayerweather to go to sleep in the house of the Puritans on Thanksgiving Day.

“ In ancient times they had a tithing man to wake up those who had wandered afar in worldly dreams during divine services. He was particularly useful about haying time, when the warm air, the bees, and far-away sermon tended to make one drowsy. He used to tickle the nose of property women who

wandered from their pews into the far regions of the imagination, with a feather which he gently, very gently, inserted into their noses, which caused them to make a little jump, and improper children in the gallery to laugh. For this purpose, also, the fur of some animal was used.

“The sermon was a famous one. It went to show that the measure of the soul here would be its measure hereafter.

“It set me, young as I was, to thinking. I wondered if grandfather would be a ‘little near,’ which I better understood now, in the expansive regions beyond.

“Suddenly I saw his head drop, and that his eyes were closed. I pitied him, for I knew that the Indian diver who came to him in his dreams had kept him awake the night before. I touched his hand gently and his eyes opened. He looked very much surprised. His mind had evidently been voyaging.

“The sermon went on, showing that what we are now we would be hereafter. Grandfather’s eyes closed again as if in serene contemplation. I began to be nervous, like the boy who carried a bottle of cider in his pocket on Thanksgiving Day, when the bottle suddenly went off with a pop and became a fountain. That boy did not go to church for some weeks afterwards. He had recollections of walnut boughs.

“Grandfather’s head was now tilting backward,

and his mouth was wide open. I touched his hand; his head at once responded and regained its gravitation, but his eyes did not open. But a most extraordinary thing followed; he put his hand into his vest pocket and took out a great gold doubloon and began to turn it.

“I was accounted to have a bright mind; at ten or twelve to be beyond my years. I thought that I saw grandfather's intent. He was turning the pocket-piece in his hand to keep him awake until the contribution box for the unfortunate captain and deacon came around; then he would surprise the ancient usher and the people in the galery, the minister and all, by such a glorious contribution as had never been made by any man in that church before. This would be a great day for the family name. It was.

“He turned the coin over and over in his hand. I recalled that once a fisherman captain had lost himself during a long sermon in the church, and thinking that he was off the Banks had cried out, ‘See ’em flop, see ’em flop!’ He had to be recalled from the abundant seas by the tithing man.

“Near me sat old Madam Endicott, a woman of gerat decision of character. There was a period of disciplinary preaching when some of the old ministers used to hint from the pulpit a very unscriptural and cowardly manner of reproof. It is said that reproof given in public hardens the heart, and it was certainly so in Madam's case. For, when at

a candle-light meeting, the people bringing their own candles, a venerable parson hinted at her that she was too busy in neighborhood affairs, she rose right up in the meeting and answered him back: 'Don't you ever darst to sass me, sneaking behind a pulpit curtain, and now I'll take up my candlestick and go out.' And she did, with much deliberation and dignity. The old Ipswich people were noted for having minds of their own.

"The long sermon ended with a truly sympathetic appeal for old Captain, now Deacon Trueblood, whose ship had gone down at sea, and his remaining fortunes on land. In order to make the appeal more effective, and the contributions to grow as the box went round, the parson invited the givers to repeat texts of scripture as they made their offerings. I wondered what grandfather would say as he put into the box the great gold piece, which he was still turning in his hand more and more slowly. If I had had anything to give, I would have said: 'The Lord loveth a cheerful giver,' which six words I had been taught for Sunday-school recitation, for a contribution-box text, and which one poor boy on such an occasion had got mixed up with the Solomon-like wisdom, 'A fool and his money is soon parted. The word 'bountiful' might well be used in the captain's case.

"The sermon ended, and the tall, grave usher started with the contribution box for his benevolent

journey up and down the aisles. Grandfather's eyes were still closed. He could not be asleep, I reasoned. No, the golden wheel was still turning over and over, over and over.

"The usher was coming down our aisle. People were making contributions of vulgar paper dollars and repeating texts. When he arrived at the pew before ours, a little girl took a paper bill from her grandfather's hand, stood up and repeated the text 'He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord,' as she made her offering. The parson added from the pulpit, 'That is right, little girl; I have never seen the children of the righteous forsaken.' The people in the galleries smiled. My heart beat hard.

"The incident was hypnotic to me. The tall usher stopped before our pew. All eyes were turned upon us. I touched grandfather; he did not respond. Why should not I do as the little girl had done and astonish everybody? I did not doubt that after the encouragement that the parson had given to her that this was the right and proper thing to do. So I withdrew the Spanish doubloon gently, very gently, from grandfather's hand, and stood up in a prompt, decisive way.

"Speak up loud, sonny," said the parson. I did. I lifted the doubloon high over the benevolent box, so that all the people could see it, and said in a very clear and audible voice, 'The Lord loveth a cheerful giver.' I then dropped the gold circle from the

Spanish treasure ship into the box, which, even among the paper bills, went down with a ring.

“ ‘That is a very improving scene,’ said the parson, lifting his eyebrows in a heavenly way.

“How happy I was at that moment! I think that I have never in my life experienced such a thrill of joy as that. Deacon Trueblood sat up in the deacon’s pew in view of me. He, good soul, took out his pocket handkerchief, and began to weep. I was tender hearted, my eyes were beginning to run when grandfather’s large eyes opened with a blink, and he started with a jerk like a threshing machine when it begins to go.

“He rubbed his fingers together as if feeling for the coin, which was now going on its journey in the box down the aisle.

“He suddenly clapped his hand against his vest pocket, first on one side and then on the other. Then he dove his right hand into his right trousers’ pocket. He was awake now. I was sure of that, quite sure.

“He dropped his eyes upon the carpeted floor, and moved his gold-headed cane about under the seat. His face swelled out, and grew red; his eyes enlarged, and he felt in his vest pocket again, where the doubloon used to be.

“He then bent toward me.

“ ‘Have you seen anything of my pocket-piece?’

“ ‘Yeth, thir,’ I answered. I lisped at that time.

“ ‘Where is it?’ he gasped, full of wonder and surprise. ‘Where?’

“ ‘I put it into the contribution box for you, thir.’

“ A spasm passed over him.

“ ‘The dragon you did!’

“ ‘I did it for you, thir.’

“ ‘Where was I then?’

“ ‘I don’t know, thir. Your eyes were shut, thir.’

“ There came an awful look into his face. He twirled his fingers, as folks do at the household play of ‘Quaker Meeting.’

“ I heard him whisper, ‘It is fate. The diver, the diver!’

“ I was frightened. What had I done? ‘The diver,’ who and where was he?

“ The usher set down the contribution box on the communion table, after the old way. Then the parson came down from the tall pulpit, put his hand into the box bristling with bills, and held up the gleaming doubloon and said:

“ ‘This is the way which a sea captain feels toward a fellow man who has suffered on the seas. There is always nobility and fraternity in a true sailor’s heart. Ipswich town has a captain to be proud of, loved and appreciated forever!’ The doubloon gleamed in the rays of the noon sun that fell through the south window.

“ ‘That means me,’ whispered grandfather to me,

nervously. ‘Nobility and fraternity,’ he repeated in an undertone. His face suddenly lighted. He looked like another man.

“Old Captain Trueblood, the deacon, now rose up, trembling, his great bandanna handkerchief in his hand, which wobbled to and fro. Tears were streaming down his cheeks, and the house became as still as death. You could have heard the leaves falling from the trees outside in the crisp November air.

“‘O my friends!’ said he, ‘you can none of you know how I feel. There is a friendship that exists between seafaring men such as can be felt by no others. The love of David for Jonathan was nothing like that. It is those who face storms that feel. I used to think that my great-hearted brother was a “little near.” Heaven forgive me for such a misjudgment; if he ever was that, he is now another man. May heaven bless him as never before! We ought to send such a man as that to the Legislature.’ He swung his red handkerchief into the air, then covered his face with it and sat down. Some of the people laughed; some cried.

“My grandfather had never entered into the atmosphere of true gratitude before. New feelings were welling up within him. His face began to beam. He whispered to me as not knowing what else to do, when he had to do something for relief—

“‘I am going to invite Deacon Trueblood home

with us to dinner. The diver did not say that misfortune should come to me. Hush, Lucy Seagrave is going to sing.'

"He seemed to listen as if with new ears. A new spirit had come into him. I never saw one look so happy! He turned a beaming face up toward Lucy up in the organ loft. The people saw it, and they returned a look of real generous love upon grandfather. All the atmosphere of his life seemed changing. He seemed to have entered the gates of a new world.

"The violin threw a beautiful melody upon the air, and Miss Seagrave, whose father had once been rescued from perils on the Banks, stilled the place with her ballad which was written by the daughter of 'Barry Cornwall,' Adelaide Anne Procter.

" 'The tempest rages wild and high,
The winds send up their voice, and cry
Fierce answers to the angry sky,
Miserere Domine !

" 'Through the dark cloud and blinding rain,
A ship was struggling, all in vain,
To live upon the stormy main.
Miserere Domine !

" 'The thunders roar, the lightnings glare,
Vain it is now to strive or dare,
A cry goes up of deep despair,
Miserere Domine !

" 'The stormy voices of the main,
The moaning wind and pelting rain,

Burst on the nursery window pane,
Miserere Domine !

“ ‘ Warm-curtained was the little bed,
Soft-pillowed was the little head,
“ The storm will wake the child,” they said.
Miserere Domine !

“ ‘ Cowering among the pillows white,
He prays, his blue eyes dim with fright,
“ Father, save those on the sea to-night,”
Miserere Domine !’

“ I looked up to grandfather. There were tears in his eyes. I was greatly surprised that there should be tears in a captain’s eyes. There was a low interlude on the violin. He whispered to me:

“ ‘ I didn’t know that I could cry.”

“ Miss Seagrave’s beautiful voice pealed forth again—

“ ‘ The morning sun shone clear and gay,
On a ship at anchor in the bay,
And on a little child at play.
Gloria tibi Domine !’

“ Grandfather bent over me with tear-wet cheeks.

“ ‘ I am glad you did it for me,’ said he; ‘ I begin to feel like another man. I think that I shall enjoy my Thanksgiving dinner.’

“ Poor Deacon Trueblood ! he came running toward him as soon as the services were over and the people waited in the aisles to speak tenderly to him. This was a new world.

“ ‘ Well, captain, you have made us all happy to-day,’ said the parson.

“ ‘ My boy here has shown a generous spirit; there is no credit due to me,’ said grandfather, greatly embarrassed. ‘ But this incident has shown to me another side of life. It makes me happy to see you all so friendly. There is a joy in it that I have never experienced before to so great a degree. It does take something besides prosperity, riches, turkeys and cranberry sauce, mince pies and puddings, or even one’s own happy family to make a real satisfying Thanksgiving, now, doesn’t it?’

“ ‘ Yes, captain,’ said the parson, ‘ happiness comes from things that we cannot buy.’ He added: ‘ You are taking a new view of life.’

“ ‘ I’ve lived too long on a hidden farm,’ said the captain. ‘ If I should have good health and prosperity, I mean to have a regular Thanksgiving dinner in my house every year for the sailors, and a thought struck me all at once while the schoolmistress was singing that I might some day make a Sailors’ Home out of my house on the Cape, and take my Thanksgiving dinners there. If I had not the joy that I feel within me now, Thanksgiving would be nothing to me at all. Thanksgivings in the past have all lacked something. Thank Heaven, I feel like a new man, but I am an honest soul, and it is a hard confession that I will have to make to you all some day. I am getting credit that

that does not belong to me now, but it will some day. I am not the man now that I was when I entered the door; no, I am another man!’

“So the Sailors’ Snug Harbor lifted its roof over the Blue Cape, and it was a home, and not a poor-house, and the captain was the purse and soul of it.

“He went to sea again once more, but in a steamer, not in his own ship. On the way to Jamaica the steamer stopped at Fortune Island and took a pilot on board. The latter was a tall Indian with deep sunken eyes.

“Captain Fayerweather went to him as he saw him resting at the wheel.

“‘I have met you before,’ said the captain.

“‘Aye, sir, aye, sir. I remember! I saw it all in my mind. Where is your pocket-piece, my old friend?’

“‘It found its way very mysteriously to one who needed it more than I.’

“‘And you never recalled it, did you, my friend?’

“‘No, pilot, no. I learned a lesson from it; it became a kind of parable to me! It woke me up.’

“‘Then you are another man, and you will always prosper. Leave me to my work, captain. I am a lonely man. *Vaya usted con Deos!*’”

The Captain Pigeon of whom we spoke was among the listeners to the story. He was a singer, and

whenever he heard anything that enlivened his soul, he would sing

“ There are angels hovering round,
There are angels hovering round,
To carry the tidings home,
To carry the tidings home ; ”

and with this refrain, in which all joined, he closed the story of the “ Another Man ” or “ The Changed Heart.”

CHAPTER III.

JACK.—THE POET'S STORIES.—FRAU SUSANNE.

THE old Boston poet listened to Captain Fayerweather's story with deep interest.

There was heard a timid rap at the door.

The door was opened.

A voice broke upon the air.

"May I come in? It is beginning to storm—and I have no home but the storm."

"Come in, Jack," said Father Taylor. "This is a storm home for wayfarers." He called all sailors "Jack."

A young sailor came in on a crutch.

"How did you lose your bearing, Jack?" asked Father Taylor.

"Ah, don't ask me that. It was my own fault, more's the pity. But—I have eyes—I can see—a man who pities a pigeon will pity me."

He hobbled across the room and sat down by Father Taylor, and looked at the pigeon.

"A sailor whose heart turns toward a poor bird Father Taylor.

"How did you lose your bearing, Jack?" asked the lame sailor.

"His wing is hurt," said the sailor preacher.
 "Some of the boys out of school hurt it, may be."

There was a brief silence, when the young sailor said:

"Preacher?"

"Well, Jack, say on."

"If you can heal the pigeon, why not heal me?"
 He added: "My wing is out of joint."

"It is a tender heart that you have, Jack," said Father Taylor. "I think you are worth healing. You seem to be a likely boy."

The wind blew along the square, sharp and fitful.

"I pity those who have no hatches to-night," said he.

"I pity those who have no hatches to-night," said the preacher.

He turned to the poet, and said:

"Winter is coming into the air; he is sounding his trumpet now. We must have a bit of poetry and a song before you go."

The poet said that he would recite a bit of verse, and asked that the company should repeat the refrain.

ONLY ONE.

"If each one would care for one—

Only one—

[Only one.

Poverty would leave the earth,

Brotherhood would light with mirth.

Every shadow of the earth—

If each one would care for one—

Only one.

[Only one.

“ If each one would care for one—

Only one—

[Only one.

Each one meeting that one's need

Would his own heart's hunger feed;

Happy were the world indeed—

If each one would care for one—

Only one.”

[Only one.

“ That may mean me,” said Jack. “ Only one! ”

After the poem they sung hymns, Father Taylor still holding the wounded pigeon against his face. The poor bird tried to hide its head under the lame wing.

The sailor preacher took lame Jack by the hand, and led in a favorite song:

“ How precious is the name,

Brethren sing,

How precious is the same,

Brethren sing,

How precious is the same,

Of Christ our Pascal Lamb,

Who bore our sin and shame

On the tree.”

Jack felt friendliness in Father Taylor's hand.

The pigeon took its head from out the cover of its wing to listen to the song.

When the hymn had been sung, Father Taylor said:

“Jack, the pigeon is more lively now—so God cares for all who trust in him. The bird trusted me, and I will never let it suffer want. How is it with you, Jack?”

“I will trust you,” said Jack. “I feel that you are my friend. I could trust you anywhere and always.”

“No, no, no, Jack, never you trust me any farther than you see me following a Power that can keep me. Throw yourself on *that* strong arm, Jack, as the bird sits upon mine. See, he does not doubt me. There, he hides his head again. He is going to sleep. I will have to find a bed for you, Jack. I will find you a bed in the room under the pigeon-house, and I will give the pigeon a box where the other birds will not peck at him.

“Jack, let me kneel down beside you and pray.”

He prayed—the pigeon still clinging to his arm.

It was all like a parable. The words of the prayer went to Jack's heart, and when he entered to the room under the pigeon-house, a new life had begun in his heart.

Father Taylor put the pigeon in a close box near Jack's bed and said:

“I will leave you to heal the pigeon and God to heal you, and *he* will, Jack. I will see you again in the morning.”

Jack prayed that night for the first time since he was a child.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LONE PIGEON.

THE next morning found Father Taylor in Jack's room in the cock-loft under the pigeon boxes. The sailor preacher had been thinking of Jack during the night. He could not sleep for him.

"The top of the morning to you, Jack," said he, "and there was never a finer morning in October. Oh, I like these fine October days, though yesterday was a breezy one! How is the pigeon?"

"Preacher," said Jack, "I'm glad that you have come. I have been hearing something."

"What was it, Jack?"

"A sound like the sound of the sea, like the wind in the trees at home, a coo, coo, cooing in the air."

"It's the pigeons, Jack."

"So many of them?"

"Yes, the wings multiply. I hate to kill the birds, so they multiply."

"But my father raised pigeons, and it was that sound that made me dream of home."

"Where is your home, Jack?"

“On Southampton Water, near the sea wall.”

“What is your real name, Jack?”

“Kinsman—James Kinsman—‘Jammie, me b’y,’ they used to call me in my old home. Mother don’t know that I am here. She don’t know where I am. I have hurt her heart.”

“Of course, Jack. I will call you by your home name now. Jammie, me b’y, I am a friend to you—I am likely to be the best friend that you have on this side of the water. Jammie, me b’y, why does not your mother know where you were going?”

“Preacher, I got into difficulties. I did wrong and got into difficulties with the landsmen of the port, and so I put to sea. Preacher, I am not well. My leg is swelling.”

“I am sorry to hear that, Jack—Jammie, me b’y. How did you become lame?”

“I will tell you the truth, preacher. I was the worse for drink, and stepped down into one of those coal holes that happened to be open on the side of the street, and I fell over, and twisted my leg. It was all my own fault. I sometimes fear that I have broken a bone. Can I have a doctor, preacher? You are all that I have now between me and heaven except my old mother’s heart, and that is far away now by Southampton Water.”

“Yes, you shall have a doctor. But one should be right within to become right without—how fares it with your soul this morning, Jammie, me b’y?”

“I have been praying, preacher. I prayed this morning when I heard the rumbling—the sounds like home all in the pigeon boxes.”

“Did you pray to get well?”

“I prayed for a right spirit.”

“That was right—that was right—you are true coin, Jack. That was right.” Father Taylor leaned back and began to sing

“There are angels hovering ’round.”

The October sun streamed into the window of the cock-loft over the sea.

“Now that you are in the right way, Jack, I will go and see how the pigeon is faring. That bird seemed to have a human heart.”

Father Taylor opened the box where he had placed the bird.

“So here you are, my beauty,” said he.

The bird came to him and seemed very restless, as wanting to get away.

“I will carry you to Jack,” said he.

He brought the pigeon to the bed.

“A queer bird that,” said he, “with red rims around his eyes like spectacles. Ho, ho!”

The bird tried to fly towards the window, but fell helpless on the floor and ran into the sunlight.

“It is a mother bird,” said Father Taylor. “She may have a nest and little ones somewhere—who knows what is in her heart?”

He took her up again.

"Jack," said he, suddenly, "what is this?"

There was a small string around the pigeon's wing; it had been broken off.

"They kept her tied up at home," said Jack.

"No, no, Jammie, me b'y. It is a carrier pigeon, a messenger bird, and she has met with some accident. It is a female pigeon surely with young ones somewhere, for they let such birds loose when away from home. She wants to get to the window and to fly home. Poor mother bird, I will see what the doctor can do for your wing."

Father Taylor gave the bird to Jammie to fondle, and said:

"I will go for the doctor for both of you."

The doctor came. He found that Jack had strained a sinew and said that he must remain in bed for weeks.

He examined the pigeon's wing.

"I see—bone out of joint. I can set that—there," said he, pressing the wing—"I have done it now. That bird is a carrier. She has young, she wants to go home. She will be right in a few days. She will be company for you, Jack. Handle her tenderly. Let her go in a day or two. I love birds."

Captain Pigeon, he who loved to sing "There are angels hovering 'round," enjoyed telling stories that were parables, such as left a meaning, or good

suggestions in the mind, which he called, "Stories with souls."

One October evening he said to the sailors:

"You have asked me for stories a number of times. I am from a Cape family, you may know.

"Wonderful," he began, "it is wonderful how the dumb things that serve man and fly in the air can be trained. I love animals, I do—I think it improves the heart to live among them—they are all our brothers.

"Let us sit down on the settle before the fire made of the wrecked wood, and I will tell you some very curious circumstances that happened in the Cape woods. What shall I call my story now—well, boys, when I was young I used to be fond of enchantments and things, like Sinbad the Sailor. But this is no Sinbad story, it is a true story. I will call it, well, I will name it—

‘THE ENCHANTED HORSE.*

"THERE was an old New York merchant. He used to be a particular friend of mine. We used to sit together in school. He had a daughter, a beautiful girl, named Rose. One day, as he told me the story, he received a kind of queer letter from an old friend of his who lived down on the Cape, in a lonely way, and whose name was Charity—Charity Howland.

* By permission of "Ladies' World."

“ He said to Rose one day, after she had been down to his New York office, and came home with him :

“ ‘ I have a letter from my old schoolmate Charity Howland, Rose. She wishes me to spend Thanksgiving at the Elms. She used to call the place “ The Ellums.”

“ ‘ Tell me something about Charity,’ said the merchant’s daughter.

“ The two sat in an apartment of a New York hotel.

“ ‘ About Charity? Why, Charity Howland would have given you her quilted hood off her head! I can seem to see her now, with her slat summer bonnet dangling from a string in her hand; Charity, driving the cows to the bush pasture where the laurels grew; Charity, picking raspberries under the old stone walls along the way. What pictures come to me! The golden robins sang in the tall locust trees that were all tasseled with white blooms when Charity was a girl, and the conquiddles, as they called the bob-o-links, toppled in the clover head over heels with delight when Charity was young.

“ ‘ I well remember the day when we went sassafrasing together, and tea-berrying, and how I used to give her half of my pandowdy out of my dinner-pail. I remember how we gathered prickly holly leaves, and made wreaths, dotted with red berries, and how the quails used to run patter, patter, patter, and the partridge wings used to whir, whir,

whir in the air! And what Fourth of July days we did used to have together! And Thanksgivings! And apple dumpling and pandowdy! Let us spend our Thanksgiving this year at the "Ellums." Charity writes me that she drives John Howland's old horse; that the horse tells stories, by-the-way, and that it is enchanted. She promises to take me to ride after the enchanted horse. Charity used to read fairy books in those days when I had a relish for such things. Fairy tales have little charms for me now. I almost wish that they had.'

"On a farm adjoining the merchant's birthplace, a country home in Plymouth County, had lived John Howland and his son John, descendants of the precisioner who 'sang in the storm.' Charity Howland was his aunt. John Howland, senior, had been a 'preaching deacon,' and his son had worked out as a hired man to get money to pay for his education, and had graduated a little in debt at Harvard.

"John Howland, the preaching 'elder,' had recently died, leaving his farm, and a very good name, to his son John, who was indeed, in Old Colony language, a very 'likely' young man. He had left him also an ancient horse 'to keep,' as the will read, 'for Charity Howland.'

"To Henry Dean all worldly affairs had seemed to become mere matters of business. His family consisted of his wife, three daughters and a son.

Except Rose, they were society people. Their receptions, their comings and goings, were noted in the papers; they went abroad because they had no special occupation at home, and they returned home again because a life of mere self-exhibition has no significance abroad.

"The two resolved to spend Thanksgiving on the old Cape Farm at the 'Ellums.' So one day in November found them at the little depot there, where they found Charity awaiting them.

"It was a blazing Indian summer day at a little woodsy depot in the Old Colony woods.

"'Hud up! Go 'long, Charity! There he is now, as sure as preaching. I knew it would be so. I saw it all by my inward eyes. Why don't you go 'long?'

"The speaker was none other than the same ancient Charity Howland addressing a very humble looking horse, called 'Charity,' which she had described in her letter as 'enchanted' and given to story-telling, under a 'spell.' The horse's head was decorated with a holly bough in which was an American flag.

"'Charity,' or 'Charioty,' the enchanted horse, was persuaded to approach the platform of the little station by the vigorous application of a savin bough, which tingled him a little, but did not hurt him at all. Such persuasion rods seem to have been created for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

“The wheels rubbed creaking against the platform. Charity rose up in the wagon, holding the reins high in air.

“ ‘Let me look at you, Henry Dean. Well, Henry Dean, you don’t look natural; something has gone out of you; do I look natural?’

She stood there, reins in hand, towering over the enchanted horse, like a sibyl.

“ ‘Yes, Charity, you *do*. I would have known you among a thousand and one; the same face, the same heart, the same kind of bonnet and gown; only you have grown a little older!’

“ ‘You got my letter, now, and sent me a dispatch,’ said the sibyl-like Charity. ‘It almost scared me to death, that there dispatch, as the boy called it. Those telegraphic dispatches seems to me like messengers from another world! As I read it, I couldn’t help reflecting how times have changed. Is that the way they do in New York—answer civil and circumspectious letters by dispatches that shoot you to the heart like a powder bullet? Well, I am proper glad to see you. It wasn’t I that sent for you—not I myself.’

“ ‘But who was it, Charity?’ asked the merchant, in alarm.

“ ‘The Lord!’

“The merchant looked very much surprised. He was not used to messages that came from quarters as far from his experience as that.

“ Henry Dean and Rose mounted the humble farm wagon, and Charity applied the savin bough to the horse, upon which a ‘ spell ’ had been set or ‘ sot.’

“ ‘ Hud up ! ’ Charity turned her bonnet.

“ ‘ Now, Henry Dean, let me tell you what I have planned to do. I must take you first to the house to see your old mother, and leave Rose there, and then I am going to have a ride with you all alone by ourselves, just as we used to do, only I had not *this* horse then.’

“ Charity spoke to the enchanted horse, and added with urgency, ‘ Why don’t you go ’long ? ’

“ Charity applied the savin again, and said: ‘ That horse used to belong to Elijah, so we called him *Charioty*; he’s spellbound. He tells a kind of family story after his own way when he travels over a certain road. It is a good story to tell.’

“ ‘ Not Elijah the prophet ? ’ said Henry Dean, almost alarmed in his imagination at the suggestion. ‘ I am not ready to be translated yet; are you, Rose ? ’

“ *Rose* was not.

“ ‘ No-no-no, why, I didn’t know that you remembered so much Scripture as that after all your years of botheration about money. The horse belonged to Elijah Moore, the preacher. When Elijah died he left him to young John Howland, because John is such a merciful man, just like his father before

him. He keeps people's cattle out of the pound, and puts out grain on poles about the barn for the chick-a-dees in the winter time. He's willing that all the world should live—he is—I am. Now, young John had little need of the horse, so old John Howland used him for calling upon people, and he fixed his own mind and character upon him—set a spell upon him. The horse has always been loyal to the man's memory. You'll understand what I mean better by-and-bye. Now,' she continued, 'I have one thing to ask of you before we reach the old house. You remember your brother John, who stayed in the barn?'

" 'Yes, yes; John and I once had the same heart. John? Yes.'

" 'Then why haven't you ever written to him? He has been a true son to his father, John has. He never had his clothes off for sixty nights when your father was sick and suffering.'

" 'But I sent him money.'

" 'Money—money? Henry Dean, when a man is in his last sickness, he wants something besides money, something more. What is money—money that puts one off? Now, Henry, John used to go out and stay in the barn when you came home years ago. He thought that you had become a mere money-making machine, and only helped the family in a way to make a show. He was half right, in my opinion.

" 'Now listen to me, Henry Dean. Are your

ears all correct and lollow? To-morrow is Thanksgiving. It may be the last one that you will ever spend in the Plymouth Country with all the family. I can see some things with my inner eyes. If John goes out to the barn to stay after you have hugged and kissed your old mother, and you do that now, I want you to go right after him with me—take my hand and go—just as we did when we were baptized in the river together, with all of the robins singing in the trees—there's the river now!'

“ ‘Cracky!’

“ Henry Dean's lips smiled and then quivered. Such days as these had indeed departed from all recent experiences in life.

“ They had come to the orchard in front of the Howland farm. It was all greenery, with a chimney top over it. Young John Howland had come out to the well-sweep, looked down the road, and stood motionless.

“ Charity turned to the merchant, and said with vigor: ‘ Well, what I was about to say to you is this: There can be no real true happiness at holiday times if there remain any feud in a family. Your old mother will not be happy at heart to-morrow unless you and John are reconciled. John has done for the family what no money could do. You will meet John in the same spirit that you had when you were boys—will you not?’

“ ‘ Yes, I will, Charity.’

“The merchant gave his cane an emphatic pound on the wagon floor.

“The old red chimneys rose in the air as they did forty years ago. The city vanished from the merchant’s mind like a dream. The carriage was under the shadow of the elms—here was home again—but something had gone out of his life. But his heart came back to him as he entered the old door, under the faded woodbine, and stood on the braided mat.

“At the old home door the meeting of the mother and son bridged the past.

“‘Where is John?’ asked the merchant of the trembling old woman.

“‘Out to t^he barn—go and find him.’

“‘Come,’ said Charity.

“The merchant followed her. They found John in the barn.

“‘The cradle you were rocked in used to be here in the lumber room,’ said Charity. ‘John,’ she called.

“He answered her.

“‘Come and show Henry the cradle you *two* were rocked in!’

“John came out of the stall; he had changed; he was almost an old man now. Henry held out his hand to him, and they went together and looked into the family cradle. They returned to the house together, brushing aside the ‘leelocks’ as when they were boys. The old mother saw them coming, and simply said:

“ ‘ This is too much,’ and after the old New England way, threw her apron over her head.

“ ‘ We will have a good Thanksgiving this year, I am thinking,’ she said. ‘ Charity, you come over and take dinner with us in the old family room. And Henry—Henry—you ask John Howland to take dinner with us, too, natural like, same as it used to be with his father!’

“ The touch of John’s hand had softened the merchant’s heart.

“ He presently said: ‘ Yes,—that wouldn’t do any harm.’

“ Henry Dean felt the simple human heart of his boyhood beating again. There were two Henry Deans.

“ It was an Indian summer morning. The woods burned and flamed. Henry Dean and Charity rode down the old Indian road, by the water brooks, amid the wild flags and gentians. Henry did not notice anything remarkable about the horse, except the holly branches and the flag on his head.

“ Charity applied the savin to Charioty, and he moved down the way amid startled quails, cawing crows and questioning jays. The red-winged black-birds disputed the invasion of their territory, amid the cool shadows of the marsh lands, as forty years ago.

“ Henry Dean felt the spell of his vanished youth coming back again.

“ ‘Charity,’ he said, ‘I would have liked to have brought you something from New York for a present, but you know that you can draw upon me in any time of need. I always intend to remember you, Charity.’ ”

“Charity’s head started up, her lifted veil bobbing.

“ ‘Why should you say that? I don’t need anything; I have got everything now.’ ”

“ ‘What, Charity?’ ”

“ ‘Oh, the earth, and the sky, and the stars, and this red morning. And then I have millions in the bank!’ ”

“The merchant’s head started round, as on a pivot. ‘What bank, Charity?’ ”

“ ‘The bank up above, on Gold Street; how much have you got there, Henry?’ ”

“The man of stocks and bonds looked doubtful. He pounded his cane on the floor of the wagon and said: ‘That’s hard telling, Charity. Not as much as you, I fear. I haven’t any stocks in the bank of imagination.’ ”

“ ‘More’s the pity, Henry Dean. I have.’ ”

“He looked up the road to the orchards on the rocky hill. The old chimneys loomed in the air as they did in the days long ago when his hair was like silk. The witch-hazels were bending over the cool brook that was flowing through the woodland pastures. The orchards were shining in the burning air, and the fields about the barns were heaped with

stacks of hay. The laurel trees glistened in the woods and holly trees filled the still sunny pine groves with a shadow. They came to a simple house by the cranberry meadows not far from where they started.

“ Charioty stopped.

“ ‘ What makes him stop here ? ’ asked the merchant, seeing no one on the premises. ‘ Is he going to tell the story ? ’

“ ‘ No—it is old John Howland ! ’

“ ‘ But he is dead.’

“ ‘ Yes ; but it was one of his principles when living never to pass by the house of a family in need. Is that one of yours ? How do “ preaching deacons ” do on the street where you live, Henry ? ’

“ ‘ This is very extraordinary—very,’ said the merchant. ‘ But John Howland is not driving the horse now.’

“ ‘ But this was his horse, the very one that he used to drive, and he always stops where John did. John’s spirit is driving now.’

“ ‘ What made John Howland stop here ? ’

“ ‘ That’s what the horse is going to tell you. John Howland used to exchange works with Dyer, the gardener, after the poor man became a cripple.’

“ ‘ How did he expect ever to get his pay from a cripple ? ’

“ ‘ Oh, there are other worlds than this, and banks.’

“ ‘ You don’t say—Cracky—I seem to be in the old times now.’

“ Charioty stood still with the bended head of a philosopher. Henry Dean punched the horse with his cane, but the latter did not move.

“ ‘ He acted just like that when he was carrying John Howland’s body to the grave. I guess he stopped, if he stopped once, twenty times on the way. He stopped at every house to which the deacon used to go, to help folks in their need.’

“ ‘ Cracky! No horse would ever do that for me were I to die.’

“ ‘ No; more’s the pity; but this one would do the same for *young* John, were *he* to die.’

“ Here was a new view of life.

“ ‘ But what are you going to do, Charity, in this extraordinary case?’

“ ‘ Let me get out of the back of the wagon while you hold the reins, and go around the house, and get into the front of the wagon, and then he will go. You see what a man old John Howland was, and young John is just like his father.

“ Charity made the pilgrimage around the wagon, as she had suggested, when the benevolent horse, with quiet conscience, went on in a very orderly way, like one on a veritable mission in life.

“ ‘ I never heard of the like of that,’ said the merchant. ‘ That is a revelation.’

“ They came in view of a neat cottage, in whose

great yard white asters were fading, when the horse stopped again.

“ ‘What now?’ asked the merchant.

“ ‘John Howland he used to send young John over here to take Widow Goodnow’s children to school in bad weather. He favored the education of those children. One of them is a lawyer now, and one is a doctor, and the girl is one of the kindergarten teachers, as they calls ’em, in Boston. The people here never knew how those poor children got their money to pay for their schooling. But Deacon Howland did it. John is just like his father, and you see what a man *he* was. What a husband young John would make now! There are a dozen children that owe their start in business to the deacon, and yet he hadn’t anything but his heart and two hands. I’ll have to get out again.’

“ ‘Charity climbed out of the back of the wagon, went around the house, and mounted the wagon, when the horse went on as sedately as before. The horse’s story grew interesting.

“ ‘The people are mostly gone that you used to know,’ said Charity. ‘They didn’t carry anything with them, but they left good influences behind them. Mr. Dean—Henry—it isn’t men that make money, but the men that make men, that live when they die, and a good memory is worth more than all the stocks in the world. That daughter of yours, Rose, is an uncommon nice girl, in my way of thinking, and I

want to see her married to a man of common sense, and one who will be good to her and good to you, when the people who serve you for your money are gone to serve other people for their money—a man like John Howland, for example. Henry, there are true hearts at the old home; you will see it so one day. There's no door like the old door at last.'

"Charity liked to suggest marriages after her fancy; it was a country-woman's trait.

"The horse stopped with a whinny, beginning another chapter in this wayside narrative.

" 'This is where the deacon used to watch nights with old Solomon Seal, after Solomon's mind began to go. It was a hard case. You see what a man John Howland was. Young John is just like him. Maybe *your* mind will weaken some day—you wouldn't like to be sent off to the hospital, city fashion, in such a case as that, now would you? Your father lost his faculties before he died. You want just such a man as John Howland was—and his son John is just like him—to stand by you in your old age, one that will make a horse stop at a place of need. One such heart would be more to you than all the clubs and ringtums in the city. I'll have to get out again or the horse won't go.'

"But Charioty continued to stop, and each pause by the way revealed some new virtue of the deceased John Howland, which virtue Charity declared was possessed in a very promising way by John Howland,

the younger. The horse stopped several times by the wayside, where Charity said he had been accustomed to stand to wait for some poor children to gather Christmas greens in the early winter, and 'creeping' Jenny, princes' pine, holly leaves and berries and arbutuses and Mayflowers, in early spring—usually before the Easter festival. These decorative plants, creepers and flowers were sold by the good deacon in Boston to help the children 'pay for their schooling.'

"They reached the place at last where John Howland was buried. The horse stopped again, and Charity pointed out the graves of the people to whom the preaching deacon's life had been made a benefice, and finally she directed his eyes to the fern-covered place where the preaching deacon himself rested.

"The winds breathed low through the pines and hemlocks, which Charity called the 'whispering greens.'

"The neighborhood that I used to know is altered,' said the merchant, 'and many of my old neighbors lie here. They were good, true-hearted people. I sometimes think I would like to come back and spend my summers in the old Mayflower Country. The horses where I live do not stop on the way to the cemetery—horses and men pass *by* homes of need sometimes. Charity, why did you send for me at this time?'

“ ‘ Henry—I had something to say to you—but I cannot say it now. Something, they say, has happened!’ ”

“ ‘ What, Charity?’ ”

“ ‘ There is a new-made grave over there—see under the hemlock tree, by the sumacs. It is Albert Alden’s. His body was brought home here from San Francisco. He was one of the boys that old John Howland kept from going to the poor-farm. He brought him up and educated him—and they do say that something has happened. Haven’t you heard? He has left him a fortune.’ ”

“ The horse stopped once more.

“ ‘ What now?’ said the merchant. ‘ You need not get out, Charity. This remarkable story that the horse has been telling is no compliment to me. I am not going to stand this thing any longer.’ ”

“ Henry Dean applied his cane vigorously to the back of the enchanted horse.

“ Charioty rose up on his hind feet, as if about to ascend, and stood pawing the air, the flag waving over his blinders. He presented a very startling sight—with suggestions.

“ ‘ Cracky! Where is he going now, Charity?’ ”

“ ‘ Up!’ ”

“ ‘ But I am not ready to go *that* way,’ said the merchant.

“ ‘ You are not—John Howland was.’ ”

“ Charity once more got out of the back of the

wagon, when the fore feet of the enchanted animal descended to the earth again, shaking the flag.

“ ‘Charity,’ said Henry Dean, ‘you may turn the horse’s head towards home again. I am my heart now—my better self, and we are never sorry for the things that we do when we are our better selves.’ ”

“ Charity caught up her bonnet by the string, rose up and gave it a swing.

“ ‘You are yourself again, Henry Dean. Whoa!’ The horse stopped.

“ ‘What is money, Henry Dean? The Incas of Peru, they didn’t take one coin of gold with them when they went to the land unseen; the kings of Golconda that the missionary books tell about, what did they carry with them into the world unknown?’ ”

“ She gave her bonnet a wider swing, and the horse started.

“ ‘Whoa!’ Charity continued her oration.

“ ‘And as for fame, what is that? The name of Shakespeare and that of Jim, the corn-planter, are alike sounds for the deserts of oblivion—the difference is only one of time. Who knows who built the pyramids of Egypt, Henry Dean?’ ”

“ She gave her bonnet a wider swing.

“ ‘Whoa! It is only what you do for others that lasts, and to be true-hearted is more than anything else in life. I see it so—don’t you, Henry Dean? The horse told you that, Henry Dean!’ ”

“ ‘Cracky! This all seems like a fairy book.

Yes, yes, I see things in your light. I favor the heart-side of life.'

" ' John Howland is worth more than that. That Alden boy that his father kept out of the town-house, who has just died in Calaforny, left him a million. He inherited his uncle's estate, that Alden boy. His uncle owned a mine. That is what the horse was trying to tell you—didn't you see how he pawed the air? '

" They rode home through fairy-land, and Henry Dean and John Howland sat down side by side, after the turkey and pandowdy, to hear Rose sing:

" ' The breaking waves dash high! ' "

When Jack heard of Captain Pigeon's story of the " Enchanted Horse," he too wished to be told the stories that entertained the sailors' evenings. Captain Pigeon visited Jack's room the next day, and repeated the story to him. What a pity it was that the pigeon could not have understood it too!

When Captain Pigeon had related the story to Jack a knock was heard at the door. A lady had come to see Jack.

" The right person has come to visit you now, Jack," said the captain. " She can tell fairy tales."

FRAU SUSANNE, WHO TOLD FAIRY TALES.

It was a Swiss family and their friends who first

brought the kindergarten spirit to Boston, and among these lovely Swiss people was a quiet gentle woman from Yverdon, on the Neuchatel, under Jura, whom we will call Frau Susanne.

She could tell fairy stories, and she cherished the theory that the education of the imagination of a child would do much to create the character of a child. Now the education of the imagination was neglected in the old Boston schools.

Father Taylor believed in training the conscience through the imagination, and he liked Frau Susanne's queer stories.

Frau Susanne lived in North Square and she often visited Father Taylor's schools in the Bethel.

She told stories there; they were queer stories; here is one:

THE KINDLY OX.

“Once upon a time, a deformed man named Æsop related a story called ‘The dog in the Manger.’ The dog would not eat the hay himself nor let the poor, hungry ox eat the hay.

“My story is not like that.

“There was once an ox.

“He was passing the kitchen window one day, and stopped to drink at the well trough at the end of the house, and then he threw up his head to feel the water cool his throat and to listen.

“He heard the fat cook say something to her mistress.

“It was something good.

“The ox went on to the barn.

“His master had filled his manger with hay, but on the hay lay the watch dog.

“‘This is a lovely day,’ said the ox, ‘and this is a good world. Listen to me, my good fellow, and I will tell you what I heard the cook say to the mistress!’

“The dog lay dozing.

“‘She said something about a *bone*,’ continued the ox.

“The dog lay dozing.

“‘What did she say?’ asked the dog.

“‘She said that she had put aside a bone for you. You may have it after your nap is over.’

“The dog’s heart bounded; his nap was over. He leaped down from the manger, and went home to enjoy his dinner, and left the ox to quietly eat the hay. Both were happy, and they were friendly ever after.”

Frau Susanne used to relate another story which tended to make one contented with one’s lot. She told it in a queer way to children asking questions. She called it

THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN WHO VISITED THE MOON.

“There was an old woman whose name was Sky-High, Dame Sky-High. Now what was her name?”

" Dame Sky-High."

" Yes, that is right—Dame Sky-High. She had little eyes just like lenses, and she could see almost to the stars.

" She could make herself so light that she could go up into the air. One day she thought that she would like to go up to the moon. No one had traveled there. So she lightened her body by her fancy, and began to go up, up, up like the woman in the nursery rhyme who swept the cobwebs from the sky. Now where was she going? "

" To the moon to travel."

" That's right. But she had a hard journey. At sunset on the earth, she expected the sun to go down, but he didn't go down. She could see him still shining. The air grew thin and cold. She traveled all night, and could still see the sun. At last she arrived at the edge of the moon. The sun was still shining upon the face of the planet. She blew a horn to let the man in the moon know that she was coming. Now what did she do? "

" She blew a horn."

" That's right. But there wasn't any man there. There wasn't any man anywhere in that region. The land was all white and cold and dead.

" She began to travel about in search of a tavern. But there wasn't any there. There were no flowers, no fruits, no animals.

" She was very thirsty and began to search for water, but there wasn't any to be found.

“ ‘ Nothing to eat, nothing to drink,’ said she, ‘ and nobody to talk to. I’ll have to go back to the earth. But how am I going to get down again ? ’

“ The sun was still shining. Now what did she say ? ”

“ ‘ How am I going to get down again ? ’

“ Yes, yes. Well, there came a shadow over the sunlight, and she knew that there was a storm down below. She became very much afraid, and said over and over :

“ ‘ How am I ever to get down ? How shall I ever find the place where the earth was ? ’

“ After the storm below, the sun began to shine again, and there arose a great rainbow like a hill of gold.

“ ‘ If I can only get on to that,’ said the old woman, ‘ I can slide down, and it will land me on the earth.’

“ So she climbed over the edge of the moon on to the rainbow and slid down.

“ She began to sing, and was happy, when the thought came to her, that she might land in the ocean. But she went down very fast, and presently she saw a tall object in the air. It was the belfry of her own town. She got off there, and began to ring the bell, and the sexton came up to her, and lifted her down. The cat and dog came running out to see her, and she was glad to be at home again, among the orchards and wells and vines.

“ ‘ This world is a very pleasant country after all,’ said the old woman, ‘ and I’ll be content to remain at home, and never to travel far any more.’ Then she told the old people that wherever they went never to make a journey to the moon, where there is nothing to eat, nothing to drink, and no one to whom to talk.

“ ‘ You have the whole universe right at home, if you are only contented,’ said she. Now what did she say ? ”

When he was told that Frau Susanne could relate fairy stories, Jack desired to hear one of them. He was not much used to fairy lore. Frau Susanne talked with Jack about his lameness and promised him when she left that she would visit him again, and relate to him a story in the German way.

“ Jack,” she said, “ you must be lonely, but your confinement here will give you a chance to think of life. A boy should not wholly depend upon others for his opinions. He should think for himself. He should follow good examples, but he should always learn to act for himself.”

It was an odd story that Frau Susanne had to tell when she next visited Jack and the pigeon. We must tell you how it ran :

THE OLD WOMAN WHO KEPT A FLYING SCHOOL.

There was an old woman who lived alone, and

she still wished to make herself useful in some way, so she thought she would open a flying school.

She went to her door one May morning, and called all the birds to assemble in the trees. They came, even the bald-headed eagle from the rocks, and she pushed back her hair, and fanned herself with her apron, for the day was warm, and thus addressed them:

“There are always better days to come. Now all little birds should be taught to fly—what are their wings for? If you will come to me, I will go with you to your nests, and teach the little ones how to fly.”

But the owl took off his spectacles and blinked, and said:

“They can fly now!”

“Yes, yes, Mr. Owl, after a fashion, wobbly, and without the geometrical angle. I’ll teach them to fly rightly, and low, and high, and to dive, and I’ll teach the lark how to sing out of sight in blue heavens above the sun.”

Then all the birds clapped their wings for joy.

“And in the fall, we will have an examination, and see which little bird can fly the highest, and the eagle shall act as judge.”

This decision made the owl envious, and he asked:

“Can you fly?”

“I—I don’t need to.”

The birds clapped their wings again, and the duck said "Cluck, cluck," and the goose "Quack, quack," and the guinea hen had many things to say in a nervous way.

"Now," added the old woman, "you must all of you give me one egg out of every four that you lay, for my own living, and in return I'll teach your fledglings the geometrical angle of the wing, and such flying as there will be seen in the air another year, the world never beheld before. Now all fly."

The birds all flew, even without a knowledge of the geometrical angle, and the old woman taught all the little birds to fly after the manner of the geometrical angle, and she feasted that summer on eggs.

The eagle came down on examination day to inspect the flying. The birds all flew after the manner of the geometrical angle as the old woman had foretold, some high, some low, and some all about, and the king of birds spread his great wing, and proclaimed:

"The world of wings is reformed. Never was seen the like in the air before. I decree to the old woman a gold medal and a monument. This is indeed a day of wonders."

And all the old birds and the young birds clapped their wings.

CHAPTER V.

JACK'S KINDERGARTEN SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

FATHER TAYLOR'S WAY OF PREACHING AS DESCRIBED
BY CHARLES DICKENS.

THE pigeon's wing healed rapidly, and the poor bird seemed to want the freedom of the open air. She would beat her wings against the window, and then drop to the floor and run back to the bed of poor Jack. The sailor boy from Southampton Water read all that was in the little bird's heart.

"She has a nest of little ones somewhere," said Jack to Father Taylor. "I love the bird. Feel her little heart beat. It is not because she is afraid of me. She sat upon the headboard of the bed last night, and she dropped down upon my pillow in the morning. The pigeons in the houses were all cooing as the sun came up. She did not coo; she gave a little moan. She is thinking of the nest far away. Her little ones may be starving there. I'll let her go to-morrow.

"Oh, preacher, that bird has taught me something."

“What is it, Jammie, me b’y?”

“To pity every heart that beats. I would like to be a missionary—but that could never be—I have no education, and my record is bad.”

“It is the education of the heart that one most needs to do good in this world,” said the sailor preacher.

“I am a new man then, preacher.”

“How, Jack? Explain it to me.”

“I could explain the sunshine as well. I can only say that when I read the Scriptures now,

“ ‘I feel the love of God
In my soul,
I feel the love of God,
In my heart ’tis shed abroad
And I am on the heavenly road
Of the Cross.’ ”

“To-morrow I will let the pigeon go. Preacher, she was sent to me. I am going to write home to my mother to-day, and tell her all.”

Boston, as we have said, is a kindergarten city, Even her playgrounds now are made to preach and to teach.

When you visit the city in summer, reader, go to the Charles Bank playground between the two Cambridge bridges. See the children at play in the sand pens, under the care of the kindergarten teachers. They are happy; vines grow around them, flowers bloom about them, a lacework of green boughs

screens the sun, but it is what the children are doing that makes them happy. It was a Froebel principle that a child is always contented and happy when he is *creating* something. "We learn by doing," he said. The purpose of life is to develop our noblest faculties.

Father Taylor had this principle in mind, but he knew little of the Swiss kindergarten method.

One day Frau Susanne came to see Father Taylor about a kindergarten school in which she was interested.

"I notice a great change in Jack," said Father Taylor to the woman, "his heart is growing kind, but he does not take the interest in his Sunday-school lessons that I wish. He does not learn the historical Scriptures well. That makes other boys indifferent. Some of them need to be *civilized*."

"Civilization," said Frau Susanne, "is not a matter of the head, Father Taylor, but of the heart."

Father Taylor looked very much surprised.

"A man may have learning and yet be hard at heart," said Frau Susanne. "Pharaoh had head learning."

"So he did," said Father Taylor.

"And all the emperors of Rome."

"Yes."

"And King Herod."

"Yes."

"And Philip of Spain, and the Duke of Alva."

Father Taylor looked surprised again. He had not thought of these things before.

"Father Taylor," said Frau Susanne, "what the people need is a new heart education to make a new generation of men; a generation to whom injustice and cruelty and war shall be impossible. A pigeon has taught Jack much; I once sat under Froebel's teaching, in the castle of Yverdon; I think I might tell you how to make Jack a good Sunday-school teacher."

"Teacher!" exclaimed Father Taylor, "scholar, you mean!"

"No, teacher. Let Jack become interested in teaching others, and he will learn himself. 'We learn by doing.' It is the teaching that comes from the heart that makes good men. Mere book learning is not the highest education. Were I you, Father Taylor, I would establish a kindergarten school right here under the pigeon house."

"But I cannot have a day school here."

"Then I would have a kindergarten Sunday-school."

"On Sunday?"

"Yes, on Sunday."

"Did you ever hear of any one who kept a kindergarten Sunday-school on Sunday?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

"The Great Teacher Himself."

“Where?”

“On the mountains and in the fields of Galilee.”

“Consider the lilies how they grow,’ was one of His field teachings. A kindergarten school teaches the young how to grow. ‘The purpose of life is to grow,’ after one has the first principle of growth, as Froebel had. *He* founded his education on the principle. ‘*First* seek ye the Kingdom of God.’ The word ‘First’ haunted him, until he had obeyed it himself, and then he wished to establish a school that should grow out of that first principle.”

“Would you be willing to start a school like that?” asked Father Taylor.

“Yes, in my own house, right here in North Square.”

“But how would you begin?”

“Plants teach us as well as pigeons. I would begin as Christ began.”

“How was that?”

“He proclaimed that the ‘Kingdom of God’ had come. I would teach the pupils in my school what the Kingdom of God is, and what it is like, and how it will grow.”

Jack came into the room on his crutch.

“Here, Jack,” said Frau Susanne, ‘I am planning a new kind of school for the sailor boys. Take a piece of chalk and go to the black board. Let me show you how I would begin a series of lessons, in the kindergarten way, after the way that Christ taught.

"Write 'First seek ye the Kingdom of God?'"

Jack wrote the words, leaning one arm on his crutch.

"That should be my first lesson," said Frau Susanne.

"But how do you find the Kingdom of God?" asked Jack.

"I expected that question," said Frau Susanne.

"Write down after that, 'Except a man be born again, he cannot enter the Kingdom of God.'"

Jack wrote, and a very serious look came into his face.

"That should be my second lesson," said Frau Susanne.

"I want to know these things," said Jack. "How may I know that there is a God, and that my soul will live forever? I want to know these things. I shall die, Frau Susanne. All the old kingdoms of the world have passed away. I never want to die, Frau Susanne. I want to live forever. What did Christ say to such as I?"

"Jack, Jack, I expected that question. He said: 'If any man will to do God's will, he shall know.'"

"I will, Frau Susanne."

"He said, 'If any man keep My sayings he shall never see death.'"

"I will keep his sayings, Frau Susanne. I begin to love Him now."

“Then you have already the incorruptible seed, the new birth. The next thing, Jack, is to grow. To do, is to grow.”

“Jack,” continued Frau Susanne, “if you will help me, I am going to begin an evening school in my rooms, for sailor boys who will not go anywhere else. I am going to give a series of lessons on the Kingdom of Heaven, that is the only Kingdom that will last. Write down on the board, Jack, my lessons, this way.

“1st. What is the Kingdom?”

“2d. How to enter it.

“3d. How Christ taught it.

“Now, Jack, I would set some flower pots in the window, and I would have the boys bring me different kinds of seeds, and I would plant the seeds in the pots, and week by week I would study their growth with the boys. I would show them the value of planting the right kind of seed. I would then teach them all the saying of Christ that relate to the Kingdom of God, and the Kingdom of Heaven—the everlasting Kingdom. I would teach these parables. Put them down:

“‘The Sower.’

“‘The Tares.’

“‘The Arrested Seed.’

“‘The Mustard Seed.’

“‘The Leaven.’

“‘The Vineyard.’

“ ‘The Lost Sheep.’

“ ‘The Good Samaritan.’

“ ‘The Householder.’

“ ‘The Talents.’

“ ‘The Midnight Friend.’

“ ‘The Supper.’ ”

“Is there no sailor parable?” asked Jack.

“Yes. ‘The Goodly Pearl.’

“And I would illustrate all these things,” continued Frau Susanne. “I would bring in a vine to trim, and would show how the leaven works, and would have you, Jack, draw pictures on the board of all the stories in the parables.”

“Me, Frau Susanne?”

“Yes, you, Jack, and I would teach my school everything that Christ said in regard to the Kingdom of God. I would begin by giving every one a Bible with a concordance, and I would show how the Bible was first written and made.”

“That would be a very interesting kind of a school,” said Father Taylor. “I think I would like to attend it myself, at least on week days.”

“But thus far my plan relates to teaching only. Now in regard to doing. There are many helpless folk in this seafaring neighborhood. I would have my scholars go to them every week and carry them something to make them happy. I would have them bring here the blind and the lame. It is people with good hearts that make a happy world, and Christ said—put this down on the board, Jack—

“ ‘As ye go preach, saying the Kingdom of God is at hand.’ In my school I will wish to teach all that Christ taught in regard to the Kingdom of God.”

“I wish I could do something in the world,” said Jack, “be something, help somebody. I feel something new beginning in me. I want to live for others, to give my life to others in my life. Why, Father Taylor, I don’t know but I myself have entered the Kingdom. I want to study about it, and have others do the same. Frau Susanne, I will do for you everything I can in your new school. I will try to teach people how to go up aloft.”

“Good for you, Jack, my boy,” said Father Taylor.

So the new kindergarten school began in Frau Susanne’s humble rooms. The good woman called her work “The Story of the Kingdom for Children.” Jack became a teacher and he was a ready scholar himself from that day.

Frau Susanne was delighted. She was beginning kindergarten schools and had obtained a subscription from the poet Longfellow, who loved the children. There was no Charles Bank in the city then, no object teaching, no kindergarten Sunday-schools, no Marine or Franklin Park, with the thought of the heart development of children. They would come in time, and Boston would be a kindergarten city, as it is, as we have said.

Any one with a single kindergarten guide could begin a school in this manner, with seeds, vines, birds, and the crippled, the helpless and the blind, for pupils. The subject of what Christ taught about the Kingdom of God would furnish the suggestion of the work. Happy are they who begin the right life in others, it is heart education as we have said that the world most needs. So Father Taylor came to see life, and so did poor Jack.

"There are five things worth living for," Frau Susanne used to say. "They are:

"To know God.

"To master self.

"To know that one has immortal life.

"To know how to serve the needs of others.

"And when one has this divine life, to teach it to others."

Even Jack could have and do all these things.

Father Taylor, as we said, was a kindergarten preacher, but he did not know it. He forgot himself when preaching, and made his illustrations live in the kindergarten way. Would you like to know how he preached? Charles Dickens thus vividly describes his way of presenting truth:

FATHER TAYLOR'S SERMON STORY.

"The service commenced with a hymn, to which succeeded an extemporary prayer. It had the fault

of frequent repetition, incidental to all such prayers; but it was plain and comprehensive in its doctrines, and breathed a tone of general sympathy and charity, which is not so commonly a characteristic of this form of address to the Deity as it might be. That done, he opened his discourse, taking for his text a passage from the Song of Solomon, laid upon the desk before the commencement of the service by some unknown member of the congregation: 'Who is this coming up from the wilderness, leaning on the arm of her beloved!'

"He handled the text in all kinds of ways, and twisted it into all manner of shapes; but always ingeniously, and with a rude eloquence, well adapted to the comprehension of his hearers. Indeed if I be not mistaken, he studied their sympathies and understandings much more than the display of his own powers. His imagery was all drawn from the sea, and from the incidents of a seaman's life; and was often remarkably good. He spoke of them of 'that glorious man, Lord Nelson,' and of Collingwood; and drew nothing in, as the saying is, by the head and shoulders, but brought it to bear upon his purpose, naturally, and with a sharp mind to its effect. Sometimes, when much excited with his subject, he had an odd way—compounded of John Bunyan and Balfour of Burleigh—of taking his great quarto Bible under his arm, and pacing up and down the pulpit with it; looking steadily down, meantime,

into the midst of the congregation. Thus, when he applied his text to the first assemblage of his hearers, and pictured the wonder of the church at their presumption in forming a congregation among themselves, he stopped short with his Bible under his arm in the manner I have described, and pursued his discourse after this manner:

“ ‘ Who are these—who are they—who are these fellows? Where do they come from? Where are they going to? Come from! What’s the answer? ’—leaning out of the pulpit, and pointing downward with his right hand: ‘ From below! ’—starting back again, and looking at the sailors before him: ‘ From below, my brethren. From under the hatches of sin, battened down above you by the evil one. That’s where you came from! ’—a walk up and down the pulpit: ‘ and where are you going? Aloft! ’—very softly and pointing upward: ‘ Aloft! ’—louder: ‘ Aloft! ’—louder still: ‘ That’s where you are going—with a fair wind,—all taut and trim, steering direct for Heaven in its glory, where there are no storms or foul weather, and where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. ’—Another walk: ‘ That’s where you are going to, my friends. That’s it. That’s the place. That’s the port. That’s the haven. It’s a blessed harbor—still water there, in all changes of the winds and tides; no driving ashore upon the rocks, or slipping your cables and running out to sea, there: Peace—Peace—Peace—

all peace!’—Another walk, and patting the Bible under his left arm: ‘What! These fellows are coming from the wilderness, are they? Yes. From the dreary blighted wilderness of Iniquity, whose only crop is Death. But do they lean upon anything—do they lean upon nothing, these poor seamen?’—Three raps upon the Bible: ‘Oh yes.—Yes.—They lean upon the arm of their Beloved’—three more raps: ‘upon the arm of their Beloved’—three more, and a walk: ‘Pilot, guiding-star, and compass, all in one, to all hands—here it is’—three more: ‘Here it is. They can do their seaman’s duty manfully, and be easy in their minds in the utmost peril and danger, with this’—two more: ‘They can come, even these poor fellows can come, from the wilderness leaning on the arm of their Beloved, and go up—up—up!’—raising his hand higher, and higher, at every repetition of the word, so that he stood with it at last stretched above his head, regarding them in a strange, rapt manner, and pressing the book triumphantly to his breast, until he gradually subsided into some other portion of his discourse.

“I have cited this, rather as an instance of the preacher’s eccentricities than his merits, though taken in connection with his look and manner, and the character of his audience, even this was striking. It is possible, however, that my favorable impression of him may have been greatly influenced and

strengthened, firstly, by his impressions upon his hearers that the true observance of religion was not inconsistent with a cheerful deportment and an exact discharge of the duties of their station, which, indeed, it scrupulously required of them; and secondly, by his cautioning them not to set up any monopoly in Paradise and its mercies. I never heard these two points so wisely touched (if indeed I have ever heard them touched at all) by any preacher of that kind, before."

Such was Father Taylor in the Strangers' Sabbath Home in Boston, for such his church was. He preached to the homeless, but great minds of America and of other lands came to hear him. It was kindergarten preaching—it pictured truth, and made one feel that there was hope for all humanity, and that open and free was the way to the cross to the wayfarers of all lands.

CHAPTER VI.

“THE SMOKE IN THE SNOW BANK.”

JACK now hobbled about the place, some days better than others. One day Jack was unable to leave his bed. Father Taylor came to see him. The bird seemed listless, except that it moaned and seemed pining.

“The bird is pining away for her mate and young ones,” said Jack. “She thinks of them now that she can fly. Why not open the window and let her go?”

The sailor preacher took the bird in his hands, and went to the window, and opened it.

It was a clear October morning, and the bird clapped its wings with delight when she felt the air and saw the way open to the sky.

She cooed for the first time, lifted her wings, and rose up spirally over the old North Square. Some of the pigeons on the perches at the opening of the dove cote attempted to follow her, but they fell back. She flew high directly upward, and circled round and round. Then she darted in a straight line toward the northeast.

Jack watched her from his bed.

"She is heading towards the Provinces," said the preacher.

"I wonder if she will ever come back again?" asked Jack. "That is indeed a messenger bird—like the one that went out from the ark. I will try to be true as I believe that bird to be true to her own. I have written mother all. I wonder if we will ever see that wing again."

"I wonder, too."

"We may, wings are providences."

"I shall not forget how she mounted from my hands into the sky," said the preacher. "Upward wings, upward wings! Silver and gold they were as she rose into the sunlight. That is the way the old Scriptures describe the wings of a dove. Silver and gold. Oh, those upward wings, and then that little heart turning towards home in the sky!"

Jack turned his face towards the pillow, and cried.

Jack began to dream about the kind of a school that Frau Susanne would like to open on Sunday for destitute children. She had told him the plan which she had unfolded to Father Taylor. There were children who could not well attend the regular school in the Bethel. Jack's heart went out to them.

THE SINGING MOUSE.

One day as Jack lay on his bed, a little mouse ran

across the room to eat a bit of the pigeon's feed. Jack did not move.

The next day the mouse came again, and feeling safe, ran across Jack's bed.

So the little mouse came day by day, and one day stopped on the bed, and rubbed his face with his feet, and then ate some crumbs of cheese out of Jack's plate.

The next day Jack saved a bit of the cheese for the mouse, and did the same for some days.

One night, Jack heard something strange on his bed. It sounded like a curious bird. It was singing.

He lay still and wondered.

The singing went on—it came from the foot of the bed at first—then drew near to Jack's hand, and something ran into his hand—something singing.

It was the mouse.

It became tame now, and used to come out of some hidden place in the darkness and sing to Jack every night.

One morning Jack found the little mouse dead in his bed, for it is said to be disease that makes a singing mouse. However this may be, Jack had gained through the little visitor a new idea of the friendly nature that exists in the heart of every little animal, and he came to wonder if there were not a common bond between all hearts that beat, and he pitied the

rejected world of little animals, and he wished it were not *too many*.

And then Jack thought, does not everything that has consciousness live again where there is more room? He hoped so. He would ask Frau Susanne, or Miss Peabody, or Mrs. Agassiz, the Boston Kindergartners. They favored his views—which came from the heart; it may be that all heart suggestions come true in the end. All consciousness grows better as it grows.

November. The leaves were falling. The orchard boughs were bending with fruit. The days were growing shorter.

Towards the end of November there came a great storm. The sailors spent their evenings in doors, and the story telling was renewed.

The stages still ran then, and one of them came daily to the old North Square.

The stories began to have a Thanksgiving Day flavor, especially those of good Captain Pigeon, and one of these related to old Boston days. It was a partly true story, and it pictures the early times, so we give it here. It was of an old woman whose house was snowed in.

THE OLD RAMBLING HOUSE; OR, THE SMOKE IN THE
SNOW.—A THANKSGIVING STORY.

The strange tale that I have to tell is hardly more remarkable than those found in several New England

histories, in which wonders of folklore are recorded. Such "remarkable providences," as the curious incidents were called, are among the most real pictures of New England life; the true history of New England will never be written until some one has the genius to picture the homes by the great elms and tall well-sweeps, by recording its folk tales. The folk tales of Germany are the truest history of the German people.

There was an old rambling house on the branch of the Bay Path that led into the Connecticut Valley, that had a curious origin. Its history had suggestions that might have furnished Longfellow a congenial subject for a poem. It was associated with a story which I will call "The Indian Guide," a tale often told, in part, by the chimney corner fires.

According to this story, a young pioneer, whom I will call Hazell, came to the valley in the early days to find a place for a home for himself and a lovely girl of Ipswich, Massachusetts, whom he wished to marry. He found the spot where the old house now stands. He built a cabin, went back to Ipswich for his bride, and was married. The couple packed their goods on a single horse, and themselves walked through the woods all the way to the Connecticut Valley, led by an Indian guide. Here was a wedding journey such as never has been recorded in any folklore history. So much of the story is known to be true.

The guide fell sick and died near the end of the journey. He directed the couple how to finish the trip, gathered up his feet and said:—

“I will follow still; I will be faithful.”

The new couple saw the future when they first looked down from some high rocks on the Connecticut Valley. They lived for a time in the little cabin; then the pioneer built the rambling house, and it was reported that the Indian guide used to appear there and warn them of any coming danger. It is of this forest house that I have a story to tell.

It stood on the borders of some great meadows, which were glistening white in winter, sea-green in spring, and wavy in summer. It looked up to the tall hills that turned red in autumn. A long orchard sprang up near it, and the trees became giants, and under them bushels of apples emitting a cidery odor rolled on the ground. A barn was built there, and grew in extension of stables year by year. Behind the house and barn were high rocks, against which the north wind blew. After the Revolution, the stage stopped there and exchanged horses.

The house grew; there was added to it a “lean-to” which became covered with woodbine and grapevines. In the autumn, the roof lay red with woodbine leaves, and purple with grapes.

The first generation of Hazells passed away, and another and another; but the friendly Indian guide, after the manner of farmhouse superstitions, was re-

ported to be seen in dark corners of the horny oak rooms. He was a friendly house spirit, and his reported appearance did not terrify women or children. An old New England house without a ghost legend would have been a very common affair. This house had a haunted room, the Indian's, and superstitious suggestions were sure to follow the history of the New England farm.

The house began to crumble at length, and its roof afforded but a poor shelter even for the friendly Indian.

The house and barn fell to a maiden lady, named Clementine,—Clementine Hazell.

A good-hearted woman was the same Clementine, a mother to forlorn children, and a sister to everybody. She cultivated her own garden, around which was a wall covered with house leeks, and a peony, which she called "piney," in the middle. She "put off" eggs for her West India goods; a friendly tin peddler visited her once a month, bringing many wares, spices, and luxuries, and she drove sharp, friendly trades with him. So she was happy, wore a silk gown to meeting, and put money into the missionary box.

The rest of the historic Hazell family had gone to the cities, or "out West." When the Hazell boys of two or more families fell sick amid early life in the city, they came home to Aunt Clementine, who received them with open arms, and sometimes "lent"

them money to begin again life's struggle for success. Among ten of a family one will be found with grateful, human heart. Such a one out of ten Hazells, nine of whom were forgetful, was Frank Hazell, who, after many returns to Aunt Clementine, and "beginning again," became a very prosperous man, after the Revolution and Sam Adams's day.

"I set a lot of store by Frank," the survivor of the Rambling House used to say, "because I have done so much for him. We set the most by those for whom we do the most. As for the rest of them, their hearts were born a little to one side, but Frank's was born in the right place. You needn't ever tell of it," she would add, confidentially, to a neighbor, "but Frank used to kiss me when he went away. That made my heart dance for a week at a time, and left stars in my memory. I would work my hands off for Frank. I always try to live so that I will have nothing to reflect upon."

She used to say to the good people who stayed "between services" at noon in the old meeting house: "I sometimes get awful lonesome, living all by myself there with no one but the cat and hens, and the Indian guide for company, and *he* don't come very often. I commonly see him about the time Frank comes home. It is a precious sight of company to have him round," meaning that the fancy of a house spirit was company.

Frank? There is always one heart in a family that is true to aunts and uncles and old places. Frank continued to be true to this old country aunt, as was the ghostly Indian guide. He came home one Thanksgiving week, brought his wife and children, and fixed up the burying ground. After he did that, it made lone Miss Clementine happy just to think of Frank, "all the time," as she said, "night and day."

He humored Miss Clementine's superstition by telling her that the "good Indian" would always protect her. He came back again on a Thanksgiving week to the old Rambling House, and offered Miss Clementine a home in the city with him. She refused the offer, but it made her cup of happiness full.

"I wouldn't like to leave the family graveyard, and the house, and the Indian, all alone," she said, meaning the old associations. "I want to live so as to have nothing to reflect upon; but, if you will promise to come once a year, on Thanksgiving Day, I will ask nothing more of you, or of the Lord, or of anybody."

Frank made the promise, took her thin hands in his, kissed her withering cheek, and went away.

He fulfilled his promise. Year after year, on the Saturday before Thanksgiving week, the stage stopped at the Rambling House, and Frank and his family mounted the old stone steps to make the good

woman happy and see the friendly Indian ghost, then a very old tradition.

“I never could have a thankful Thanksgiving,” Frank used to say, “without a visit to Aunt Clementine.”

One year there came a strange November. The Indian summer weather was like July. The forests wore a faded hue, but did not turn red or yellow. The jays had a lively time in storing their food.

But toward the end of the month the sky darkened. It suddenly became terribly cold. The clouds seemed to lie about the earth. No sun appeared. People fled to their fires, and could not keep warm.

Then the weather slightly moderated, and it began to snow, very gently at first. The storm thickened with an icy wind that increased in violence and blew to a hurricane. Such a wild storm was out of season. Snows that we now call “blizzards” used to come in March, but seldom in November. Even the cities became blocked in snow. The world shivered. The cattle shook as if with palsy.

The wind kept clear open spaces. It piled the snow against rocks, houses, and walls, and left fields bare.

Frank was preparing to go to the old Rambling House for Thanksgiving when this memorable storm began. How anxiously he watched the drifts pile up.

"We can't go back to the Valley this year," said his wife. "It is impossible. It would take a week to clear the road."

"But think of Aunt Clementine," said Frank. "Something in my heart tells me that I ought to go, or try to go; it may be the Indian, though I never see ghosts. How hurt poor old Clementine would be not to have me come! It would seem as if I had deserted her in the stor "

After the storm the clouds broke, and the sun looked out on the earth again, but there rose another long wind-gust, and piled the loose snow higher in resistant places. Then it hailed, and the snow crusted, the surface becoming as slippery as ice, in some places.

The old stage came from Boston, and Frank hailed the driver.

"You've broken through."

"Yes, but my feet are frozen."

"Will you return to Worcester to-morrow?"

"No, never. I could not do it and live. The roads are clear, but the walls along the roads are covered five or ten feet deep, and in the turns of the roads are banks ten to twenty feet high."

"Could I ride to the Connecticut Valley by the Bay Path on horseback?"

"Yes, you could plunge through. The roads would be open most of the way, but your feet and hands would freeze. Are any of your folks dying?"

He returned to his wife.

"I have resolved to go,—I can 'plunge through on horseback,' the stage-driver says. I will put on mittens and a yarn comforter, and leggings, and a cape overcoat, and will mount the long-handled wooden shovel on my shoulder and give the horse the rein."

"But it is unnecessary for you to expose yourself."

"That may be, but I could not be contented not to go. I promised *her* I would go every year. I want to live so that I will have nothing to reflect upon. Just think what she did for all of us,—nursed us through canker rash and scarlet fever, and gave us her hard-earned money when we most needed it. Don't you worry about me, for a minute. I'm determined to fulfill my promise, and the horse will fly, and my heart will be warm and sing songs. *She'll* be glad to see me in this stress,—what is life for?"

The horse did fly. The road lay open, and where the great drifts appeared in bends of the Bay Path, the horse resolutely plunged through, in one or two places by the help of the long-handled shovel.

The houses along the Bay Path were partly buried in the snow. Some of them that faced the north were banked to the chamber windows. Birds lay dead in the way. The meadows in the wake of the northwest wind were swept almost bare of snow, which lay piled about rocks and walls and ridges

and clusters of trees. The crows flew about him cawing in the air, as if to ask him the meaning of all this overturn of landscapes. It was a wild ride, and he looked queerly indeed as he galloped along, with his cape flying, and the long-handled wooden shovel over his shoulder. But his heart beat generously and warmly as he thought of the joy that he was bearing with him.

He arrived at the guide-boards at length, that pointed the way to the crossroad to the old Rambling House. The way lay open, and he dashed down the old road between the walls of snow.

At noon the great meadows came into view. They lay shining bleak and bare. There was not a single drift on them except around the haystacks.

Then he looked for the old Rambling House. The view startled him. His heart bounded. It was not there. A great white surface of snow lay against the rocks, but the house seemed to be gone, the barn, the dooryard trees.

He gave the rein to the horse and again rode up to the place with staring eyes, when something appeared that made his blood flow warm again.

A column of smoke was rising from the snow. He had never seen a smoking snowbank before. It was then nearly noon of the second day of his journey. The sun was again breaking through the clouds, and the smoke rose up spirally and silvered in the sun,

There was an odor in the air. It was of roast goose, marjoram, and onions. He had smelled the same savory odor for many years at Thanksgiving, and this was Thanksgiving Day, and the hour was near noon.

As he stood looking at the smoke in the snow, a marvelous sight appeared: not the ghost Indian of three generations, but something more human.

A broom rose up amid the snow where the house used to be. It waved to and fro. Then a head in a quilted hood followed the waving broom. Then a form in a camlet cloak and a boa tippet appeared.

The form waving the broom stood over the place where the smoke was ascending from the snow.

The form lowered the broom and swept the snow-bank. The red top of the chimney appeared.

Then the form looked out on the road and meadows.

She saw Frank sitting on his horse, with the shovel over his shoulder.

"Hurrah,—the Lord be praised!" shouted Frank, lustily.

She raised her left hand over her hood.

"The land alive!" cried the form, from the high bank of snow under the rocks. "I knew you were coming; I've seen the Indian. Now, that is what I call being true-hearted. The Lord be praised! We will mingle our praises. The Lord never heard a psalm like this before. Let me hear you holler." Frank "hollered."



The form waving the broom stood over the place where the smoke was ascending. (Page 102.)

She applied her broom again, and the ridgepole of the roof appeared. There she rested and called: "Frank!"

"Put your horse into the barn," she added, resting on her broom, a birch one. "It is all clear on the other side of the barn, as I can see from here. I got up through the scuttle. It's real warm up here, and the dinner is all ready,—goose, marjoram and onions, boiled pudding, and mince pies and all the fixings. I'm proper glad you've come, and the Indian will be glad, too, though you can't see him. Now, this is something to be thankful for. There ain't many people in this world that have so much to be thankful for as I. I'm mightily favored by Providence. I can sing right out of my heart, to-day. The Lord be praised! I can shout the praises of the Lord! 'Tain't every one can."

Frank Hazell found an open way into the barn around on the "other" side. He came to the mountainous snow bank with the long-handled shovel, and began to dig a path.

"Now, you needn't do that," piped the form from the ridgepole. "It would take too long, and the dinner would get cold. I'll push the quilting frames down to you out of the scuttle, and you climb up on them part way, and then I'll drop down the spare well rope. I'll make it proper easy for you. Then we'll go down the scuttle, and the dinner will be hot,—roast goose, steamed mince pie, and apple jack,

and a dozen things just as they used to have 'em. The Indian will be proper glad that you have come, though he has been dead for two generations. The Lord is good to his own, and how much we do have in this world to be thankful for! Heaven is made of just such stuff as your heart is made of, and I have all this, and heaven, too. I can shout the praises of the Lord, and I never knew what that scriptur' meant till now."

Frank climbed to the ridgepole over the bank with the aid of the frames and ropes. He carried in this ascension a very happy heart,—full of thanksgiving.

The two descended into the house under the snow through the scuttle, and when Frank returned to Boston, he said to his wife:—

"I never enjoyed another Thanksgiving like that with good old Clementine, in the house under the snow. We talked of old times, and I slept in the haunted room, and I would have given a doubloon to have seen the Indian guide, but he never appears to me, but I hardly like Clementine the less for her fancy of the spirit of the good Indian."

It was the last time. The poor old woman was gathered to her fathers before the falling of another winter's snow. Frank Hazell set a white stone among the myrtles there, and was always glad that his heart had been so true, and that he had "nothing to reflect upon."

It takes a sacrifice to make a Thanksgiving.

CHAPTER VII.

A THANKSGIVING STORY—THE LITTLE RED SQUIRRELS ON THE ROOF.

JACK grew worse again. He lay in bed; his leg bandaged. The doctor said that he must not try to walk until the bandage was removed. The sailor preacher had asked him to read the Bible through, and he began this study in bed, dreaming again of a Sunday-school for destitute children. The preacher came to him daily to explain the Scriptures to him, as he read them. He brought to him a copy of Thomas à Kempis, and a short history of the world.

Jack heard the pigeons cooing in the boxes over the cock-loft every morning, and the day before Thanksgiving a very curious thing occurred.

He woke in the gray dawn. The door opened at the foot of the stairs. He heard one say:

“Go along, why do you hesitate?”

It was Mother Taylor's voice.

“Oh, I can't,” was the reply. “We have enough, all that we need.”

“But the house is full of company.”

"Let them fare like ourselves then. I can eat Johnny cakes, but I can't wring the necks of those birds—they are Gospel birds—they help me in my work. Oh, let us turn back from this bloody work."

Jack heard the door close, and all was still in the stairway. What did this strange thing mean?

The story of the Enchanted Horse had much interested the sailors.

"That was a kind of a parable story," said the preacher to the captain, "that you told us the other night, and some of the men were mightily taken with it. We have agreed to ask you to relate the story on Thanksgiving evening. I am going to invite some folks to come in and listen to it—Emerson perhaps or Mrs. Mann, and Miss Peabody. Dr. Ware may drop in, and I am going to ask all the sailor boys in the port. Never you mind the great and learned people, but tell a story that will go to the hearts of the sailor boys. Stories should preach. Our blessed Lord preached by stories—what are parables but stories?"

"Many of these sailor boys," said the captain, "ran away and went to sea. They imagined that they had received some affront. Now, Thanksgiving days should be forgiving days. I will tell another old Cape story since the boys like the soul that was in the tale of the Enchanted Horse."

Boston contributed liberally towards a Thanksgiving dinner at the Sailors' Home that year.

It was a large company that gathered before the great fire on that late November night.

THE SQUIRREL ON THE ROOF.*

An old Western pioneer governor, Henry Howland, sat upon the stoop of his prairie house and looked out on the long, level fields of yellow corn blazing in the sunset of the still hot but shortening days. His wife sat by his side, and his two sons laid down their books after hard study and asked him for a story of his old New England home, which they had never visited.

"Tell us a story of the Elms," said one of the boys.

"Did you never hear how John Howland sang amid the storm in the shallop of the 'Mayflower,' on that awful night before the Pilgrim Fathers landed?"

" 'Amid the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea,
And the sounding isles of the dim woods rang
With the anthem of the free.'"

"That was our family tradition."

"Tell us some incident of your own life in the old Pilgrim Country," said the other boy.

Some tame squirrels hung in a free cage under the roof and were turning on a revolving wire ladder. Mr. Howland whistled to them and they stopped.

* Permission of "Young People's Weekly."

"I used to do that," he said, "on the old New England farm."

The old New England farm on which Henry Howland had been born, and where he had spent his boyhood, called the Elms, or "Ellums," was in the Plymouth or Cape Country, and the red house of his youth was shaded by two majestic elms. Such trees were called "hour-glass elms," from their resemblance in form to the pulpit hour glass, and the provincial pronounciation of these in the Pilgrim Country was "ellums," or "ellems." Notwithstanding all that poets have written of the palms and the pines, the glory of the cedar and the strength of the oak, there are few trees in the world more beautiful than the elm. The monarch among New England woods, its sunny top towers aloft in summer over green groves and serried orchards, almost too high to cast a shadow. We cannot wonder that the Baltimore orioles should choose it for their pouched nests and should return to the same nests year after year, and that the squirrels should seek it for their little homes in the decayed knees of the limbs, or that the descendants of the Pilgrims should have planted the elm for a roof tree and made the shades of its sheltering arms the place for the sleep of their dead. The elm tree is the glory of New England farms and fields. The wellsweep grows mossy beside it, the birds and the squirrels haunt it and become a part of its household.

Mrs. Howland, a second wife and the mother of the boys, rocked gently to and fro. The sunset was going out and a shadow was falling on the corn. The squirrels in the cage had made furry bunches of themselves in their wire nests.

The boys were always thrilled by tales of the East.

"You had a good home in old New England, Henry, and a good bringing up for that matter, and you have never brought reproach upon the family name; no Howland was ever accused of dishonor," said Mrs. Howland.

"Mary, you are wrong."

"Wrong, Henry? What Howland was ever accused of dishonor?" Her look became fixed.

"I, Mary."

"Of what dishonor? I would like to know."

"Of being a *thief*!"

"Who accused you of that, Henry?"

"I will tell the story for the sake of the boys, for it carries with it a lesson of charity, that I would have them learn. It concerns some little squirrels that used to play on the roof. The squirrels seemed full of fun as they whisked about—droll little creatures; how I loved to whistle to them and stop them when I was a boy. My father was a good man, but I thought that he was a hard one, and yet I could see that it was a sense of duty that made him hard. He used to say, and I can seem to hear his voice now,

‘The intentions of a father will be fulfilled in his sons. I have prayed that my son may come to honor.’

“There lived on the place a colored woman called ‘Black Fan,’ who had sometime received a present of some beads attached to a gauzy lace collar. The thing was the one pride of her life; it was as light as a web, and the beads seemed like glimmerings of sunlight, they were so very delicate.

“I went into her room one June day; the amber beads lay on the table. I well remember the time; the dormer window was open and the young leaves of the great elms were shining in the sun before it. It was a late spring day, all sunshine; the air was vivid, like a glory. The swallows came back to the chimney in spring, and the martin birds to the eaves, and the golden robins to their pouched nests in the elms. The little, half-tame squirrels were darting here and there along the grapevine on the roof. I left the room and went down-stairs. I met Fanny coming up, and we stopped and talked by the smoke chamber in the chimney. She said that the orioles or golden robins were building a new nest, and spoke of the nimble squirrels and their cunning ways.

“When Fanny entered the room, the amber beads were gone. No one could have been there; there were no rat or mice holes in the place. The disappearance of the beads was a terrible shock to her.

She accused me of taking the amber beads and webby lace. I lost my temper, I stormed at her, and I called her an evil name. My words aroused her temper; she said, 'I am going to your father.' She told father her story. I shall never forget what followed. He examined Fan's room and then went to his room and prayed. I could hear him praying there. Oh, what a tone was in his voice! He called me to him and questioned me. Then he folded his hands and closed his eyes, and I shall always see the look that he turned upon me when he opened them.

" 'My son,' he said, 'you are a *thief*, and I wish that you were dead! I would have died rather than have lived to speak these true words. I have had faith that my intentions would be fulfilled in my children. The fruit is blasted.'

"I can never forget how I felt at that moment. I was about to say, 'Father, I did not take the beads,' when a bitter sense of wrong arose in me. I felt that I had been unjustly treated. I reasoned that I would not reply to such an accusation; I would not lower myself by acting on the defensive in such a case. I never knew before what a reserve force of bitterness there was in me. The word 'blasted' seemed to sink into my heart. Father sat silent, the tears rolling down his cheeks. I had never seen my father weep before. My heart seemed to stand still and the word 'blasted' to echo in my ears.

"A gentle step approached the door. It was

mother's. The door opened slowly. Mother had heard Black Fan's story. Her lips quivered as she saw Father bending over and weeping. She set the muscles of her face firmly, and said: 'Husband, I do not think that Henry stole the beads. It is a mystery but let us not believe an evil that we cannot prove. "Charity thinketh no evil."'

"'Mother,'—he used the colloquial term for wife,—'justice and truth are more than any other things. No one else by any possibility could have done it; I have examined the room, and weighed the whole case in my mind with closed eyes. I have used the scales of God. There was no opportunity for any other person to commit the theft.'

"I went out. I heard my father sob aloud as I closed the door behind me. That night I slept in the barn. Old Fan found me there as she went hen's-nesting in the morning, and cast upon me a troubled, reproachful look. I never spoke to the old woman again. She was an honest and faithful servant. I have often regretted my treatment of her, for as I see it now, she never meant me harm. The collar was the poor woman's only treasure. I left the old farm for the West. I gained an estate; you see how it has been; I was made a councilor of the town; a member of the State legislature, and was elected in those rude days the first governor of the State.

"I never wrote to father, nor sought to recon-

cile him to me. He wrote to me, but I did not answer him. That word 'blasted' seemed to hinder me. He died. His death smote me to the heart! I ought to have sought a reconciliation. He meant well. The Scripture does not say 'If thou hast aught against thy brother,' but 'If thou rememberest that he has aught against thee.' Oh, what a teaching is that, and what may I not have lost in falling short of it! Father misunderstood me, and he was in the wrong, and was disappointed in me, but I should have sought reconciliation. I knew my innocence, but he could not.

"One evening as I was sitting here on the balcony, a shadow-like form swept up to the gate and wheeled a horse in front of the piazza. It was the postman. He handed a letter to me, and said: 'Governor, they tell me that you came from the East—from the old Cape Country. I think that I have brought you a letter from home. Are any of your folks livin' ? A grand night, governor. May your rest be sweet.'

"The horseman seemed to fly away like a shadow in the low line of the horizon light of the moon. I went into the house. 'It was a letter from home sure enough,' said I to my wife. 'It is sister Amanda's writing.'

"I read the letter in silence. Then I laid it down in my lap between my thumb and finger, and said, 'This is a mysterious world.' Hear this."

Mr. Howland then brought the letter from his desk to read to Mrs. Howland and the boys.

“BROTHER HENRY:

“The swallows return to the same chimney, the martin birds to the same eaves, and even the golden robins to the same old nests in the elms, year after year, year after year, faithful and true, but, Henry, you do not come back. Do you love the place less than the birds? Mother is growing old, and she sits in her chair at the western window, and talks of you every day. She wants to see you once more before she dies. This year we are intending to celebrate her birthday by a Thanksgiving dinner, and we wish you to join us in the gathering. Henry, come home; it will be the last time that many of our family and friends who are now living will ever see each other. Mother was always true to you. Henry, come home. Mother wants you to select father's gravestone.

“I have a very curious thing to write to you. Do not smile at it. You remember old Fan—old Black Fan—who died some years ago. She left you a legacy—the old barn chest in which she used to store curious things. She had heard that you were coming home. She gave the key of the chest to mother, and charged her never to open the chest, but to give the key to you when you came East. Mother thought little of the charge at the time; old Fan left nothing of value. But of late the matter has come back to mother's mind, and she sits daily at the western window turning poor old Fan's key to

the chest in her hand, and saying, 'Something is haunting me. Tell Henry to come home!' Henry, be true to a heart that was ever true to you. Come home.

"Faithfully always,

"AMANDA."

Mr. Howland dropped the letter into his lap and said: "That old farm chest! I can see it in my mind as plainly as I used to see it with my eyes when I lay on the haymow and listened to the chirping of the swallows. It was covered with leather and was clamped with brass. It was six feet or more long and three feet high. It was brought home from the Spanish Main in the days of the West India trade."

"But why was it not kept in the house?" asked one of the boys.

"It belonged to Uncle John, and he died at sea of the cholera. I remember that mother often said to me, 'You may play in the barn as chipper as the swallows, but don't go near the old barn chest.' She used to add: 'There is probably no danger from the chest, but then people can't be too careful in this world!'

"I can see that old barn now in my mind. I can see the inside of the barn. I can smell the great haymows, and hear the rain pattering upon the roof. I seem to listen to the orchard robins singing be-

tween the showers. I seem to see the hired men coming and going, and old Black Fan from Guinea, as she came hen's-nesting, swing a birch broom. I can hear the summer winds in the 'ellums'; the fall winds, the winter winds, and the winds of spring, each wind has its own voice. I can hear the birds as they sung the round year, the bluebird first then the eave swallows, and the martin birds; the red robins in the blooming orchards; the English robins in the birds in the fall, and the jays in the winter, and the chickadees singing in the snow. I can seem to see the nimble squirrels again as they ran over the lean-to. How they used to stop when I whistled!"

The boys interrupted their father in his story. "Was not old Black Fan honest?" asked one of them, wishing to solve the mystery before his father should make it clear.

"Perfectly honest; a more truthful and faithful colored woman never lived. It was all a mystery. Nobody could understand it."

"She had no motive in raising an evil report against you?" said his son.

"None whatever."

"She had no secret antipathy against you?"

"None; she nursed me when I had the malignant 'canker-rash,' as the disease used to be called, at the peril of her life. She did not rest for a week at that time; a mother could not have done more. Her affection for me was sincere."

“ Could not some one else on the day of the pilfering have gone up into the garret chamber ? ”

“ No ; there was but one flight of stairs that led to the garret ; the amber beads were there when I left the room, and Fan and I passed each other on the stairs.”

“ The leads with the lace might have blown from the room ? The thing, you, say, was very light.”

“ That would have been impossible, for the day was still ; there was no wind. The treetops did not stir. I recall how sunny the great elms were, and how the English robins in them seemed to be bursting as it were with song. The day was still.”

“ Some one may have been concealed in the chamber, some child.”

“ That was impossible. There was but one door and there were no secret closets there. Everything was open to view. Father considered all those things, and examined every-crevice. He tested other theories, less probable. He told me that he had thought such theories over on his knees, with an open Bible before him. He said that he felt like one condemned to death when it was clearly shown to him by reason that I had the only opportunity for taking away the amber beads.”

“ I pity your father in such a case as well as you,” said the boy.

The governor continued : “ Thanksgiving days should be forgiving days. I put those words into

my Thanksgiving proclamation after the war, and I sent a copy of the proclamation to mother. They applied to me more than to any one else. What a haunted life mine has been!

"After reading the letter, my wife said to me: 'Let us go home to your mother, and share once more an old New England Thanksgiving with her. We must. And receive your Black Fan's legacy of the old barn chest.'

"I love the old home more and more as I grow older. I never hear the rain plover in the corn before rainy weather, that I do not think of the orioles in the elms that spread out over the chimney top of home, and the little red squirrels on the roof. I used to look for the coming of the birds there in the spring, when the wild geese were flying over in V forms in the new blue of the sky. I used to watch the orioles as they repaired their pouched nests and wondered at the instinct that was developed in an egg to do such wonderful things. I used to gather up the old nests as they blew down in the November winds. I used to lie on summer nights and listen to the whir of the swallows' wings in the chimney. How I used to be awakened in the morning by the squirrels as they chased each other over the roof and leaped about the drain pipe.

"I must now tell you of that going home. It was a late November day in the Pilgrim Country. The season was changing. The elms had turned yel-

low, the maples orange, and the oaks red. The purple wild grapes lined the old stone walls; the vine leaves were falling. The orchards had a juicy odor, apples lay in heaps under the schoolboys' apple trees in the wayside. Great stacks of corn surrounded the bursting barns. We approached the 'Ellums.' The lilac bushes were there yet, and the 'bouncing Bet.' The handstone was there by the well, and the grindstone. But something seemed gone from all.

"I suddenly leaned from the carriage. 'Mary, look there,' said I.

" 'Where?' she asked.

" 'At the west window. She used to sit at the east window when the children were small.' It was Indian summer, and warm. The west window was open even at this late day of the year.

"A white head turned there toward the carriage rumbling down the road. As the vehicle drew up to the yard, the head was pushed out of the window under the red woodbine and there was a loud call in that framed picture. 'Amanda, come quick!'

" 'That is mother's voice,' said I. 'It is the same as it used to be, like her heart. I feel guilty when I think how I have neglected my old home. Look there!'

"The front door opened. In it stood Amanda, gray now, and in her hand was the family dinner horn.

“ ‘Blow the horn, Amanda,’ said the white-haired woman. ‘I have blown it a thousand times for those that are now dead, and you and he are all that are left to me now!’ ”

“ I was welcomed back by a blast of the horn—it could call the living but not the dead. The driver took us to the open doors of the barn. My old mother followed the carriage on a crutch.

“ She held out her thin withered hand as we stepped out of the wagon. I took it, and was about to draw her to my breast, when she said: ‘Henry, is there any hardness in your heart now?’ ”

“ ‘None, mother, none.’ ”

“ ‘And there never ought to have been. No man should ever come to the family table at Thanksgiving with any hardness in his heart. We should all seek reconciliations. The Master said that “Thanksgiving days should be forgiving days”—don’t you remember that you put that into your proclamation after the war?’ ”

“ She had in her hands a curious key. She turned it over and over, and seemed to play with it like a child. ‘I have kept it for you, Henry,’ she said, referring to the key. ‘Now follow me into the barn, and let us see what it was that old Black Fan left you. That mystery has haunted me. She told me never to open the chest until you came home, and I have followed her request, but have been dreaming of this hour for years. The old woman said that you

would come home and find in the chest something worth more than all the wealth of Pharaohs. She said that, and handed me the key, and then she turned her black face to the wall and died. We were expecting you home at the time, but you did not come. There may be money there. She may have brought money from Guinea. She was a faithful soul, Henry, if she did lead you into difficulty. I may be superstitious, but I have never unlocked the chest or given up the key. I believed in you, Henry, at that time when the mystery happened, and I believed in her. "Charity thinketh no evil," the good book says. Neither poor dead father (husband), nor you, nor Fanny, meant any wrong. I learned the lesson of charity of Christ; every one should. Have you, Henry?'

"She hobbled into the barn, and opened the door of the storeroom. We followed her. Her hand trembled on her crutch, and she stopped at every second step to see, as she said, if 'Henry were Henry.' The swallows were gone from the eaves. The brook ran under the stables as of old; pigeons haunted the rude boxes under the point of the roof; the paper-making hornets' and wasps' nests were there, and the little squirrels were still whisking over the roof. The storeroom was a queer place. Old tools were there, curious corn shellers, iron mongery, and discarded furniture.

" 'Stop,' said mother, 'and let me get my breath;

these sudden things frustrate me; my faculties are not what they used to be.' She sank down before the barn chest with its dry leather and tarnished brass clasps.

"The old cradle was there—I saw it, and the family feeling blinded my eyes. She looked up to me mysteriously, then put the key into the rusty lock. The key turned hard, but she put all her last strength into the effort, and the bolt went back with a slow, rude click. She pushed up the cover. It resisted her, but it was raised slowly, and disclosed a vacancy. She raised herself up on her knees and looked into the chest intently. 'What do you see in it, Henry? My eyes sometimes fail me,' she said.

"'Nothing, mother, nothing.'

"'Nothing, Henry? Now that goes to my heart to hear you say that. I had hopes. Nothing? Look again.'

"'There is nothing there but a stick of wood, an old elm tree elbow.'

"'Take it out, Henry.'

"I took it up in my hands and said: 'It is hollow—it was once a woodpecker's nest, such a hole in a tree as used to shelter the little red squirrels in winter where they had hidden their stores of food. I remember how those little squirrels used to come out of such holes as that on winter mornings and look at me, as I went whistling down to the pasture spring. I then had the heart of a boy.'

“I put my hand into the hole among some walnut shells and took out of it a web that formed a part of a squirrel’s nest. It glimmered as I held it up to the light. My heart seemed to stand still. It was the amber beads!”

Tears stood in the pioneer governor’s eyes, and he added: “I did wrong, boys, in not seeking to become reconciled to my father; I did not show the right spirit; mother did; I should have answered his letter. That was my opportunity. If there should ever arise any case of misunderstanding between you and me, remember the story of the squirrels on the roof and mother’s loving text, ‘Charity thinketh no evil.’ He who knows the truth should be very patient with him who does not, as one who can see with one who is blind. We should not only put away resentment, we should seek to correct false impressions. Family misunderstandings hinder true thanksgivings.”

Mr. Howland read that night one of the noblest and most beautiful lessons that ever was written in any literature, human or divine—1 Cor. 13: “Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things. Charity never faileth,” and the boys took into their hearts the inward meaning of Matt. 5 : 23, 24, with the story of “The Squirrels on the Roof.”

CHAPTER VIII.

THANKSGIVING.—THE POET'S TALE.

JACK was getting better now.

“I have, as it were, a new leg now,” he said to Father Taylor one morning. “Better than that I have a new heart. The doctor says I may go about in a few days. Will you have something for me to do?”

“Yes. I will let you take care of the pigeon house.”

The next day was Thanksgiving, and the great dinner for the sailors was spread. The leading members of the Port Society were present, and some of the leading Boston philanthropists. The poet was there, and he had a story to tell in verse.

HOW BOSTON BECAME A CITY OF POETS.

I.

There once was a schoolmaster, Suaney his name;
In old Boston Latin school's records of fame

Great goggles wore he, and a half a yard cue,
And he carried a ferule one-half an inch through,
To guard for the school its Athenian renown,
That the youth in the future might honor the town,
And whenever the youth did anything lack,
He feruled him well with a whackety-whack,
 And a whackety-whack,
Till hot quivered his hand, and cold shivered his
 back,
In those days of the old Boston school!

II.

One morning—I think 'twas a morning in May,
I've the almanac lost, so I really can't say—
Old Sauney exclaimed, "Put your grammars aside,
And let each write a poem." He sat down in pride
And Horace's gentle "Poetic Art" read,
And each little boy touched his hand to his head
And brought out of it rhymes. Save one boy, alack!
Who but one word could rhyme—it was whackety-
 whack,
 Whackety-whack,
And from that one rhyme his thoughts turned to his
 back,
In those days of the old Boston school!

III.

The pinks filled the windows with odorous air,
And cherry bough reddened, and whitened the pear,

And Suaney read Horace, a bluebird passed by,
And a purple-winged swift, and a glassy-winged fly.
“Are your poems all written?” Suaney called, and
there rose

All the boys save that one boy, as you may suppose!
He only could think of the two rhymes—alack

Of whackety-whack,

And the answering tones that sent chills down his
back,

In those days of the old Boston school!

IV.

One boy brought his poem to Suaney, then two,
And three boys, and four boys. He read them all
through,

And his wrinkles fell out, and crowsfeet, as he
Found the poets to number some twenty and three.
Then he turned to the rhymeless boy, exclaiming,

“You dunce,

Rise, blockhead, and bring me your poem at once,

Or a whackety-whack, and a whackety-whack
I'll apply with this ferule, Sirrah, to your back!”

V.

That one boy looked up, and that one boy looked
down,

“Sir, I am no poet,”—in good Boston town

Those five words he said. The school was confounded,

“And this, sir, in Boston!” said Suaney, astounded.
“Come here, sir, your ear, sir. O, never again
Shall such a disgrace this old commonwealth stain!”
And the ferule he plied with such force to his back,
 With a whackety-whack, and a whackety whack,
That ’twas said in the old Boston school
That the “Province House Indian” turned round
 at his cries,
And the Beacon went down from its place in the
 skies,
And the little dogs ran, and the boys twenty-three
All shook like the leaves on the ancient elm tree.
And they set the date down in next year’s almanac,
And Boston has since had of poets no lack,
Since those days of the old Boston school!

A “THINK AND THANK STORY.”

Captain Pigeon, in whose clear imagination
“There were angels hovering ’round,” was the next
to tell a story on Thanksgiving Evening.

He said:

“When I was a boy on the Cape, it was a custom of old families to play a game on Thanksgiving evenings, which I may call ‘Think—and Thank!’ A log fire was made on the kitchen hearth, and a pile of dried sticks was laid in a corner near it—of drift wood from the seacoast, or of dry pine boughs from the hills, and each of the household

and their guests was expected to cast one of these dry faggots on the great fire, and to say something to make some one happy while the faggot was burning.

“One might relate a family incident, repeat a verse of Scripture or of poetry, or propound a ‘riddle’ while the faggot swiftly burned. Each one was to *think*, and then to say something to make some other one or all of the others thankful. It made a sacred household hour.

“There is an English book, entitled ‘Think and Thank,’ and it relates to the benevolences of Sir Moses Montefiore, who loved the Thanksgiving Psalms.

“I well recall that night; the sleigh bells in the white road, the frost on the windows, the swallows’ nest that fell down into the chimney flue of the ‘keeping room’ after the building of an extra fire there. The first person who spoke on this ‘Think and Thank’ meeting, which always took place before the candles were lighted, presented a truly pastoral appearance. He was a Quaker ninety or more years old.

“He selected a pine twig as his faggot, and cast it on the fire with a trembling hand. It blazed up red and crackling, and he bent on his cane and said, while the tick of the old eight-day clock could be heard in the silence:

“ Thus far the Lord has led me on ;
Thus far His power prolongs my days,
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of His grace.

“ Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home ;
But He forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.”

“ The next speaker to ‘ thank ’ after thinking was a unique character indeed. She was a maiden lady of many times the ten. She had once had an offer of marriage, but this was in the forties, and she was a Millerite. She had told her admirer that she must ‘ wait and see if the world came to an end *first*.’ Alas! the world neither came to an end, nor did her suitor come back, and she was left alone among the withered hollyhocks of this evanescent world.

“ She picked up a pine cone nervously, and tossed it into the blaze, saying: ‘ There, I feel just as I hadn’t ought to, but I need to feel thankful that I am alive, I *suppose*.’ She turned around like a top, and vanished on a cricket behind the settle.

“ The story that I started to tell is a very simple one. My father was a very silent man, and I wondered what he would say when his turn came to speak. So I crept up to his chair on my cricket and said in a low voice:

“ ‘ You are thinking, ain’t you ? ’

“ ‘ Yes,’ said he in an undertone.

“ ‘What would make *you* the most happy?’ I continued.

“ ‘To see you have an education.’

“ His turn came. He took up a short twig of pine needles and cast it into the fire and said: ‘I would mortgage my farm to give my boy here an education.’

“ It was an unexpected declaration, but it went to my heart. It inspired me to struggle to receive an education independent of any hands but my own.

“ There are days that live again; this day did. There are words that live on and on; these words did. I went to the city and struggled. I did not make money abundantly, but I could earn more than the old folks at home.

“ Thanksgivings came and went, and each brought to me a voice—‘I would mortgage my farm for you.’

“ One day there came to me a note from one of my brothers. It read: ‘Father is feeble; I hear that he is about to mortgage his farm. I worked hard for him, but my crops have failed.’

“ Then the voice came back,—‘I would mortgage my farm for you.’ It was the day before Thanksgiving, and I started to see the old chimney top amid the elms once more. It was my turn now.

“ We played the old game again. I took a pine cone and cast it into the fire and said: ‘This is a sacred gathering, and while I live the old farm shall never pass under mortgage. “Think and Thank.”’

“No Thanksgiving ever gave me so much pleasure as that when I was able to say these homely words. That was my happiest Thanksgiving. I have seen enough of the bitterness of the world, but that pine cone shines like a star in memory, a thing of life.

“‘Think and Thank!’ That is a good game to play by household fires on Thanksgiving eves—our nights. I thank God for the hearths among the rocky New England hills and on the near seacoasts.”

Father Taylor was the soul of generosity during the Thanksgiving season. He felt the tenderness of the memory of home then, although he scarcely had had a home in his early days.

His family and friends and his biographers relate many incidents of his generous feelings at such times.

“His reckless generosity was so boundless,” says his daughter, “that if it had not been for mother’s constant watchfulness, we should not have had bread to eat from day to day. Once, at the beginning of the year, he was sent out with a bank-note of fifty dollars to pay a bill, which he was to bring back receipted. In due time he returned, but with such an expression of anxiety, and such an evident desire to escape observation, that I was convinced that he had been ‘naughty.’ ‘Where’s the bill, father?’ said mother. ‘Here, my dear.’ The pucker in his forehead became so tremendous, that the truth flashed

upon me at once; and I was fully prepared for mother's astonished cry of 'It isn't receipted. *Father, you've given away the money.*' I held him so tightly that he couldn't run; so at last he stammered, 'Well, wife, just 'round the corner I met a poor brother, a superannuated brother, and—and'—with a tone of conviction calculated to prove to us all the utter impropriety of his doing anything else, '*and, of course, my dear, I couldn't ask him to change it!*'"

"Another amusing example of his impulsive benevolence," says a biographer, "was shown on a New Year's eve. After the good old fashion, he, with his congregation, had seen the Old Year out and the New Year in; and then, at half-past twelve, he was, according to another pleasant fashion of his household, sitting down to enjoy a bountiful supply of fricasseed chicken. Just then a neighbor called, and whispered that Brother Cooper, who had taken a prominent part in the meeting, was in actual want of food, having had nothing for himself or his family since breakfast. Father Taylor seized a 'lordly dish' before him. 'Take it,—quick; don't stop for compliments—run. Lord bless Brother Cooper, and all Thy saints, and feed all the hungry, now and evermore.' And then the company sat down to a frugal repast, and found it better than a stalled ox."

Such was the spirit of the holidays at the Mariners' Home; this year, Holiday Home.

CHAPTER IX.

“THINK AND THANK.”—HOW THE MERCHANT
FOUND HIS HEALTH AGAIN.

THEY followed the suggestion of “Think and Thank” in the story-telling, in the use of faggots.

There was a merchant present from New York on this Thanksgiving Night. He threw a faggot on the great fire and said:

“I have a story that I would like to tell:

A FAR WEST THANKSGIVING.

“A middle-aged man sat in a counting-room in New York, near Castle Garden, looking out on the bright water of the harbor, over which the endless procession of ships was going out to, or coming in from, the ocean. He was associated with one of the great lines of steamers that have their offices around Castle Garden. He had come to New York from a New England home, whose orchards, meadows, woods and brooks still haunted his memory. He had become a commercial agent. By investments of small

savings he had secured a comfortable property, but his health had failed.

“He had a brother who had gone to Dakota Territory, an immense waste of bad lands and hostile Indians. There, where the plains were covered with horns of buffalo and wild cattle, he had helped to found a town of hardy pioneers, and had died there, leaving a widow and two boys. He had helped his brother from time to time, and the sympathy had won the gratitude of his brother's widow, whom he had never seen. A letter from this poor widow lay before him.

“‘I have been praying for a cow,’ she wrote, ‘and to-day a Christian neighbor who has a large herd of cattle has offered to lend me a lame cow for the season. She is a healthy animal, for her lameness was caused by accident, and does not injure her milk. My neighbor said, “That is just the animal a woman ought to have. The rest of the cattle hook her about when I let her run with them.” This may seem a light incident to you, but it is not to me. I believe in prayer. I believe that there are realms of prayer, and that we dwell in them; that they are a part of the Kingdom of God. I have had a hard life in Dakota, but I have not lost my faith in God: to know God is eternal life. I have passed from death unto life. This consciousness is always with me.’

“The merchant held the letter in his hand and thought,

“ ‘The consciousness of eternal life,’ he said, ‘What would be all the estates of New York to a consciousness like that!’

“He thought of the saintly old country minister whom he used to hear preach when he was a boy, and he repeated one of the good man’s favorite texts: ‘If any man keep my sayings he shall never see death.’

“Bright, happy faces were passing in the street, and among the carriages a white hearse in which was a coffin half buried in flowers. He struck the letter on his knee. ‘Only a divine man could have said *that*,’ he said.

“He repeated another text that came to his memory and started; the text was: ‘I have power to lay down my life, and to take it up again.’

“ ‘Plato could not have said that,’ he said. ‘Nor Buddha, nor Mohammed, nor Plotinus. I wish I had this sense of eternal life that my brother’s widow has. Suppose I were to gain Fifth Avenue, and lose my health? What is wanted to happiness is *continuance*. I am not happy—she is.’

“Happy? Under what circumstances was this Dakota widow happy? This was about to be revealed to him.

“He turned to the letter and read on:

“ ‘I came to Dakota because I was left alone in the world, and wished to have a home of my own. I took up a claim, and worked as a servant in the family of the man who kept the village store and

post-office. I broke my claim with my own hands, and I went to it every week in open weather, though it was miles away. I hired a farmer to break up ten acres for me. Then I took an axe and cut me a sod house, and planted a crop with my own hands. So I worked as a servant a part of the time in the town, and cultivated my claim in the summer. I earned the money to build a house. This house was better than a dug-out, but it was only ten by twelve feet, with one window and with only hardened earth for a floor. I had a bunk for a bed, and used a shoe-box for a cupboard, and made my furniturue out of boxes from the store. I secured a stove, which seemed to me a luxury.

“ ‘ The town in which I worked grew. It came to have a hotel, a printing office, and a blacksmith shop. The people were prosperous and happy. It delighted them to see the country growing. One day the sky turned black. The earth was still, and seemed to pant and shudder. The black mass began to move, and to smite the earth as in a sudden fury. “ It is coming,” said the old Dakota people, and they fled to their cellars.

“ ‘ The cyclone raised the buildings from their foundations, and left them wrecks. It buried the crops in its fury, plowing the earth as it went on, with lightning, rain and hail. It destroyed my house and garden. It left the town without resources. Worse than all, it blighted the hopes of the new people, and they went away empty-handed.

“ ‘I hid under my bunk in the black storm. The sun came out, blazing, and when I dared to leave my retreat, I knew not where my roof had gone. I stood alone in the world. But life was left. As long as one has life, one has resources. I resolved not to leave the country.

“ ‘New people came to the shattered town. Your brother came for his health; he found health in the vital air, and I married him. Other storms came, but we had health, and faith, and honor, and we resolved to stand by the country, and to study how to overcome its disadvantages. This country, with its fertilized soil and its health-giving air, will one day be a garden of the world. I am glad that I stayed here. It made my *faith* grow. I have godly children; my experience helps them to be strong in character and in soul.’

“ The merchant saw her view point. His lip quivered, and he read on:

“ ‘You have been out of health, you write me, and your condition has troubled me. I have prayed for you twice a day, and my boys have joined with me. I think that your health will be better, and that your life will be prolonged in answer to our prayers. I feel strong of faith. All I can do is to pray for you.’

“ The agent dropped the letter on his desk, and thought of the faith that was illustrated in the simple story. His heart smote him.

“ ‘Think of it,’ he said to an intimate friend,

‘Here am I living in luxury, and my brother’s widow in the treeless wheat-lands of Dakota praying for a cow. And she is grateful to secure the loan of a lame one! And she and her boys pray for me in a Dakota cabin, where summers are hot, and the winters long and cold, and where destitution comes if the wheat crop fails. “All that she can do,” as she says, “is to pray for me.” Well, as God holds the gift of all things, and if prayers are answered, what could one do more? A Christian neighbor lent her a lame cow. I will send her a check for three good cows, since I ought to follow such a good suggestion,—one cow for her and one for each of the boys. I wish I had that woman’s consciousness of God. I would then have something that would last.’

“He took his check book, and wrote out a check for three hundred dollars. Then he sat thinking again.

“‘My old mother used to pray about her work,’ he said. ‘She sung prayers. No scene in my life can equal that picture in my mind. How peaceful it all was!—the robins singing in the elms and orchards, and the bobolinks in the clover meadows, and mother at work singing, too—the dear old hymns I can seem to hear now.

“ ‘A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save
And fit it for the sky.’

"His mind wandered for a half-hour from the old rocky New England farm to the wide, burning plains of Dakota.

"The days went—the weeks—years. Health returned to the agent, and he prospered. One by one his own family died. He had many cares. He did not think often of the cabin home of his brother's family in the far West. There were times when his heart was very lonely; wealth did not feed the hunger of his heart.

"But he lived in the thick and rush of life, and his health was prostrated again. He became a victim of nervous depression. He wrote to the widow of his changed condition. One day his physician said to him:

"‘If only you had some relatives now who cultivate the sunny plains of Dakota, where the air is dry and pure and vital, and could go to them and live on horseback days, and be tenderly cared for in your hours of rest, I think that you would speedily recover.’

"‘I have such relatives,’ he said. ‘But they are very poor. I bought them some cows ten years ago. I haven’t heard from them often of late. I will go to Dakota and visit them, and if I do not find them too poor for any comfort, I will try horseback riding on the plains.’

"‘You need not only exercise and rest from brain work,’ said the doctor, ‘but more. Your heart is starved; you need sympathy.’

“ ‘It may be that I will find it in Dakota. I have two nephews there. Sympathy—heaven knows how often I have longed of late for that! I am alone in the world among the “poor who have nothing but riches.” I will go to the widow’s cabin, and see what she can do for me. Doctor, sympathy is not all that I need. You may smile, but my soul needs faith—wealth gives us not a dollar that we can keep. Yes, I do need vital air and sympathy, and I need faith, for my body and soul are starved. I’ll spend my Thanksgiving there, and give the widow a good old New England dinner.’

“He went to Dakota. He thought much of the widow on the way. He was accustomed to talk to himself ‘for want of better company,’ as he said, and to drum with his fingers while in monologue.

“ ‘She was a strong woman,’ he said, on his way, drumming on the top of the back of the car-seat before him, ‘to stay in that cold country, where the wind moves roofs from one county to another. She stood by the country, too; a Pilgrim Mother could not have done more than that.’

“He dreamed.

“ ‘I declare, I’ll make her a present of a hundred dollars. She ought to have it. I ought to have sent her that amount before.’

“He drummed.

“ ‘And she brought up the boys in that lonely country—and never asked me for help. I’ll give

each of the boys a hundred dollars as a Thanksgiving present. That is three hundred dollars.'

"He opened his great wallet and put into a fold of it three one hundred dollar bills.

" 'And she has faith, and the consciousness of a higher life, and prays for me.'

"He drummed.

" 'For me—in my selfishness. I haven't lived rightly—I live for what I can get out of life—she for the soul. Now I haven't treated that woman right, nor her boys. I declare, I'll leave the widow a check for a thousand dollars. I'll put it under her Thanksgiving dinner plate. They used to do such things in the old New England days at Thanksgiving. They paid their debts in that way sometimes.'

"He drummed.

" 'She used to pray for my health. It may be that she is praying for my soul now—I rather feel so. Well, my soul needs prayers—to-morrow where may I be?'

"He left Sioux City for a far, far ride to the widow's home.

"The cars stopped at the station nearest the farming country where she lived. He stepped upon the platform.

"A manly boy touched him on the arm.

" 'Uncle, my team is here.'

"*His* team?

"A heavy carriage, with two splendid horses,

stood by the platform, and in it was another manly boy. The two boys were well dressed. The merchant saw at a glance that they were gentlemen.

“His whole life seemed to change. The New York Club looked cheap to him now. He saw that life was to make men. He wished that he had done more to make these boys men.

“‘I have come to spend Thanksgiving with you,’ said he, ‘in memory of old New England.’

“He was driven to the ranche wondering.

“The wonder grew. The widow’s home was not a cabin now—it was a farm-house, shaded by Lombardy poplars and cottonwood trees.

“The boys talked rapidly. ‘Where that barn stands is where the shed was that mother made for the lame cow,’ said one.

“‘We have more than fifty cows now.’

“‘We have some of the finest horses in the country.’

“‘We are getting to be almost men. Don’t you think so?’

“‘And we owe all to you, uncle.’

“The widow received him with an overflowing heart, so glad was she to welcome the one who had done so much for them.

“On the days flew like magic. The vital air brought back health. The sympathy and love given returned to him the happiness of youth.

“One day he heard the widow singing a hymn that his old mother had sung:

" 'In hope of that immortal crown
I now the cross sustain.'

"It was like his mother's voice.

" 'You are rich in faith,' he said.

" 'I have been praying for years that God would give you spiritual light. I am praying still,' she answered.

" 'And I am praying,' he said brokenly. 'I have made my prayer unceasing unto God since the day I came to you. And—He is hearing our prayers. God has led me here that I might see with clearer vision, and I see now, as never before, a loving God. He shall be my God.'

"His sister grasped his hand, tears running down her face.

" 'I brought you a thousand dollars for a present, so that we may have a good old New England Thanksgiving in memory of mother, who sleeps under the elms by the ocean,' he said. 'But I will give to God that which is not money—my life. If He sees best to spare it—my service. Ah, how bracing is this air! I came for a New England Thanksgiving. I already feel a thanksgiving in my soul—a Dakota Thanksgiving!'

"The merchant was myself. I recovered my health on the plains of that vast wild territory. Do you see the point of my story?"

CHAPTER X.

“THE KINDERGARTEN WOMAN” COMES TO SEE JACK.
—KINDERGARTEN: THE STORY OF “THE LONELI-
EST MAN IN THE WORLD.”

JACK was still lame. There were little Jewish children in the neighborhood.

He had to lie much alone under the whirring wings of the pigeon house. He looked out of the window, and saw the Jewish children pass. They seemed to have no school.

One day in these benevolent times a lovely faced woman came to see him. Some call her “Saint Elizabeth” now. She was a friend of Frau Susanne, and was then known as the *kindergarten woman*. We must introduce you to her..

There was born at Bellerica, Mass., May 16th, 1804, a lady who lived a simple life, but whose influence has filled the country with noble suggestions, and has extended to the Argentine Republic and the lands of the Andes. She saw that what America needed to make rounded men was moral education and a right training of conscience in the child's earlier years. Like Pestalozzi, she was led to

the view that memory education was merely instruction, and that true education comprehended the heart, the conscience and the imagination. A child must first be educated to feel rightly, and to love to do right for the sake of right. He must be made acquainted with the things that favorably affect his imagination, since life is so largely colored by the imagination and governed by it. She studied kindergarten education as it had developed in Germany, Switzerland, Belgium and Italy, and she loved stories that had souls, and that were parables of true life.

Her early life was passed in Salem. She then became a teacher in Boston. Her sister Sophia married Nathaniel Hawthorne, the novelist, and another sister, Mary, became the wife of Horace Mann, the educator and apostle of Normal Schools. This wonderful woman was Elizabeth Palmer Peabody.

Miss Peabody at this period we may suppose to be intensely interested in her kindergarten theories, as indeed she thought and wrote of but little else for many years. When she began her kindergarten work in this country in Cambridge, Mass., one of her first subscribers to the new school that should seek to educate the heart and conscience and imagination before the memory was the good poet Longfellow who may have seen the influences of this education in Germany.

Elizabeth, full of the ideas of an education that makes men, homes, and happiness, heard at the Home that there was a sick boy "upstairs" and that he was a wanderer from somewhere, and was all alone in the world. Now such a story as that went direct to the gentle woman's heart. She made further inquiries at the Home.

"He am up under the cock-loft," said a sailor, "'cause you see there was no bed for him in the chambers. I seen him this morning. There was a pigeon looking into the window. He was ruffled."

Miss Peabody's lively imagination was excited. A sick boy from some unknown port of the world, in the cock-loft, and a pigeon looking into the window at him! And he was ruffled—was it the pigeon that was ruffled, or the sick boy? She must go and see what it meant.

"Can I go up?" she asked of the sailor.

"And where is it, mum, that you would go? Not all the way up? Not to the place that Father Taylor preaches about?"

"No, no, not so far as that, but only up to the cock-loft where the sick boy is."

"There can be no objection to your going that far, mum, or farther yet if your heart is all right."

"Then I will go up to see Jack. I wonder if the pigeon is still looking into the window."

She went "up" and "up," and found the room under the cock-loft at last. She rapped at the door.

"Come in," said a voice with a gladness of welcome in it.

She opened the door. Jack, or "Jammie, me b'y," lay on a cot, bolstered up by husk pillows.

"I am one of the visitors, my young friend. I heard that you were laid by, and my heart turned towards you. I am Mrs. Mann's sister. You have heard of Mr. Mann."

She turned towards the window. There sat a pigeon ruffled. So the good woman saw that it was not Jack who was ruffled, but the pigeon. She was glad of that.

"That is an odd looking bird in the window," said she.

"Yes, good woman, he does not seem to be one of the flock. He has a red ring around his eyes, such as the carrier pigeon had."

"What carrier pigeon, my boy?"

"Sit down, my friend," said Jack, "and I will tell you. It is good that you are to come up to see me, a poor wayfarer. I will tell you, if you have the time to listen, of a pigeon with a wounded wing, that came here, some days ago. The bone of the wing was out of joint, and the doctor set it, and I fed her, and then let her go."

"That may be the mate," said Sister Elizabeth, for so I will call her, for she had become a sister to all who were in want or in need. "I will open the window."

She went to the window, raised the sash gently, and the pigeon drifted into the room and dropped down on the floor. Then he flew up on the table, where a part of Jack's dinner remained, and began to eat some Indian pudding.

"That bird is looking for his mate," said Jack.

"If that be so," said Sister Elizabeth, "think what a heart he must have. What put it there? There is one thing of which we can give no account—it is the instincts. They came out of a world before this."

There was heard a step on the stairs. A man's white head appeared at the door—it was Father Taylor's.

"I knew I would find you here, Elizabeth. Your heart would draw you right up here, naturally, after you had heard of Jack and the pigeons. So you have let the new pigeon in, Jack. He looks like the other one. It may be he is the other one's mate. Tame, isn't he? He came from some good family—they are good hearts that make birds tame, isn't that so, Elizabeth? What is this I hear—that you are going to open a school for birds?"

"No, no, but I have no objections to the birds coming to my school after the manner that this one makes a visit. No, I am about opening a kindergarten school in Boston, like the one in Cambridge, if I can get the means. I should be glad to have a pigeon like this among my teachers. We need the

friendships of little birds and animals as much as they need ours."

Father Taylor sat down at the foot of the bed, and the pigeon ruffled his feathers again, and perched on the rim of the sugar bowl.

Sister Elizabeth was a wonderful talker, and she had an audience that inspired her now up in the cock-loft; Father Taylor, Jack and the pigeon from the unknown world.

"Father Taylor, you may smile at my theories—but we must have a new education for children in this country to make a new generation of men. There are three sides of life—the human, the divine, and the business, and the business side of life is crowding out the human and divine, and we are tending toward what is selfish at the cost of all that is worth knowing or having. They only live who live for the soul, and the true happiness comes from things that money cannot buy.

"You are doing a great work for the seafaring people. A generation will bless you—your influence goes out into all the world. Now you listen, and Jack. The pigeon is listening—he has no need to listen, he has the instinct of his work within him.

"I wish to help to establish a new kind of education in this country—one that will make a man obey his conscience. Did you ever read Kant?"

Father Taylor shook his head.

"Did you ever read Leibnitz on Innate Ideas?"

Father Taylor had never studied the great philosopher of monadology.

"No, Sister Elizabeth. I only need one lesson in philosophy—Christ gave it to the world—it is—'This is eternal life to know God.' If I wanted more light I would take St. Paul's—'He that is spiritual judgeth all things and no man judgeth him.'"

"You are right, Father Taylor, you are right, but Leibnitz shows how these things are so. He is sublime."

"Not more sublime than He who said—'If any man keep my saying he shall *never see death*.'"

Father Taylor's face began to glow. He held out his finger to the pigeon and the bird perched upon it.

"You say that that pigeon came from a good family because kindness to animals is an evidence of superior character."

"Yes, Sister Elizabeth."

She rose up and began to talk like an inspired woman.

"I have insights, Father Taylor. That bird has instincts. I have insights. I would have kindness to animals and all things that creep and fly taught by animals and birds in the schools.

"I would have all pigeons as tame as that pigeon because the hearts of all children should be taught to be as kind as the unknown owners of this bird are."

She stood there in the light of the winter window expounding her views and illustrating them.

Said she as we may fancy:

"It was a principle of Froebel, the founder of kindergartens, that little children should be led to see the brotherhood of the animal kingdom, after the manner of the 'Bird's Nest Commandment' in the Old Testament Scriptures, and in the spirit of the ancient Lawgiver's words, 'Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn.' Tame birds and animals, not in cages, became a part of the life of the early kindergarten schools. Such association of children with little birds and animals has been continued in many such schools, and now in the revival of kindergarten in our own country, the Froebel principle in the spirit of the Bird's Nest Commandment should receive the full attention, due to the German schoolmaster's system of the culture of the heart.

"Do you know, Jack, what the Bird's Nest Commandment is? Let me quote it here; it merits a place among the mottoes of every kindergarten school and Sunday-school, as well as in the schools where Bands of Mercy have been formed:

"'If a bird's nest chance to be before thee in the way in any tree, or on the ground, whether they be young ones or eggs, and the dam sitting upon the young, or upon the eggs, thou shalt not take the dam with the young' (Deut. 22 : 6).

"This commandment related to birds and eggs that were to be taken for food, and implied that there

should be no destruction of life beyond the need. In the same chapter is a like humane injunction:

“ ‘Thou shalt not see thy brother's ox or ass fall down by the way, and hide thyself from them: thou shalt surely help him to lift them up again.’

“ The Hebrew nation did not disturb the swallows which built their nests in its tents. Beautiful opens the psalm of the Feast of the Tabernacle:

“ ‘The sparrow hath found a house, and the swallow a nest for herself where she may lay her young, even *thine altars*, O Lord of hosts ’ ” (Psalm 84).

She turned to Father Taylor.

“ It is a part of the kindergarten system to make the heart of the child tender and quick to respond to the cry of an animal in distress.

“ The association of domestic birds and animals with kindergarten children is not only desirable under the common rule of kindness, but for the purpose of showing the young how to be kind and how best to treat the animal world. The study of the animal nature is one of the most wonderful and sympathetic of the lessons of life.

“ Kindergarten schools for friendless children will one day fill our cities, and one reason why this feature of the Froebel method should be fully developed in them is that many of the pupils who come into these missions live among brutalizing scenes and influences. To such the care of a wounded bird or the protection of a homeless animal would

afford a lesson of help that would extend into the home. 'I recently saw,' said a philanthropist, 'a pigeon gathering food for his young among the children of a village school. His nest was in the room, and the mother-bird was hovering over her young. The pigeons had made their nest there, and the children had protected them and fed them. The birds had become a part of the daily life of the school. These children would be likely to protect birds for life, and the habits so formed would not only make them more humane, but more tender in every relation of home and society.'

"The poets have written much that could be used in schools. Burns' 'To a Field Mouse,' if recited in connection with the telling of the story of how the bard-peasant plowed out the trembling little creature; Sir Walter Scott's 'Helvellyn,' or the story of the dog that watched for months all alone over the dead form of his master; Wordsworth's 'Pet Lamb,' and Campbell's 'The Parrot of Mulla,' are a few among many poems associated with incidents that charm the child.

"The influence of the association of children with domestic animals may be seen everywhere in Belgium. Three dogs there are equal to one pony, and the dogs do much of the work of the family. They carry the milk and the vegetables to market, the women and children to ride. They are treated kindly, are seldom struck with a whip, and they come to

understand the language of the farm and garden, and learn to obey not a few words only, but many directions. The children treat them as part of the household, and reward them for willing work, which makes them happy.

“To see these little animals, on market days in Antwerp, at rest under their carts after the produce has been sold, or starting for home with their empty little wagons, to study at such a time their joy, alertness and intelligence, is to learn what humane habits may develop in the animal world. Belgium is seeking to become a *neutralized* country,—that is, she would make treaties not to wage war with the powers of Europe; her treatment of the insane, and of homeless and friendless invalids, and of unfortunate children, is most merciful and sympathetic. May not the common people's love for their domestic animals have had something to do in producing these results?

“It was Froebel's thought to teach children by observation or sense-impression more than from books. The daily question of ‘What have you learned to-day from the pigeon, the swallow, the dog, cat, rabbit?’ is a character-building method of long influence, in the primary school, and especially in those schools where the pupils come largely from unhappy homes.

“How can little birds and animals best be introduced into the schools? Not by cages; a cage is a prison. Feed doves at the window sills, until they

make their own free visits; have a dovecote at the window; set swallow-houses and other bird-houses about the windows; protect in the places of shelter exposed nests; take into the yard injured animals and restore them, and feel the joy of their gratitude; share the happiness of animals made so by care for their wants; the care of an injured bird or animal in such a school is one of the noblest lessons of life; it cultivates all of the sympathetic faculties."

Jack grew steadily better now. He had caught the kindergarten spirit, and he thought much of the Jewish children, of whom few American people seemed to think at all. Would they not attend a non-sectarian school, or would not some of them do so? A Jew's heart is quick to respond to love.

He had a long talk with Frau Susanne. She promised to instruct him, and offered him the use of her rooms for a kindergarten Sunday-school. Jack's soul kindled at the thought of doing good in this way. He was a happy boy.

Frau Susanne prepared her rooms for the kindergarten. She hung up some mottoes about the room and set a large blackboard for Jack between the windows. She gave Jack Froebel's "Education of Man" to read, which book he came to study with great avidity, and to esteem as next to the Bible and hymn-book.

Among the mottoes which Frau Susanne hung about the room were these:

“Seek first——”

“Never do anything unnecessary that will cause another pain.”

“Be what thou oughtest to be, else thou shalt be nothing.”

“Never do anything that you would not have another do to you.”

“What thou doest to help thy enemy will help his soul and thine.”

There was one motto that caught Jack's eye at once and went to his quick conscience. It was:

“Be to every one what he lacks or most needs, so shalt thou make thyself perfect.”

“That means that I should be eyes to Hugh Ainsley,” said Jack; “he's blind. I must have a gift faculty class; a class that seeks to make up to the unfortunate what they lack. The work must be specialized, as Father Taylor might say. Those who have stout limbs must bring the rickety to the school.”

Many children had the rickets in these times.

When the school had met a few times to study what Christ had taught in regard to the Kingdom of God, Jack proposed his plan of specialized work; that each scholar should think of some one who lacked what he had been given, and should seek to supply the want; as, for example, the stout and strong should seek the paralyzed.

When Miss Peabody, the St. Elizabeth, who was

preaching and teaching kindergarten in the spirit of charity that kept her poor, and who visited Switzerland to study the beneficent system in the same spirit, heard from Frau Susanne what Jack was doing, she approved of it fully.

"That is heart education," she argued. "That is the kind of education that will make civilization; that is what all the world needs. I wish I were going to live to be a thousand years old; 'tis not so much theology, as the sermon on the Mount of Beatitudes that the world must have. The blind, feeble-minded, deformed and like people, do not need you more than you need them."

One day a lame dog came to the school and howled at the door.

Jack heard and went to the door, and led him in, and the scholars were all so kind to the poor creature, that the light of gratitude shone out of his eyes.

Jack saw this light.

"It's like a diamond in a broken rock," said he. "I wish I could preach like Father Taylor. I would have a pulpit under the pigeon house, too; but that is not for me. I must do some 'specialized work.' I wonder what it will be—I don't know, but I can give my life in my life somehow. God may have it—what matters it as long as I am in the Kingdom? This school belongs to the Kingdom. I wish I could go about beginning such schools as

this, as Miss Peabody is doing with her day schools. I love everybody; I long to live for everybody, and whatever may happen to me, I will always be in the Kingdom."

They opened the school in a touching way, by singing—

"My brother I wish you well."

Then they would continue the refrain by—

"My teacher, I wish you well," and sometimes by "Father Taylor, I wish you well."

One day they sang—

"Brother Jack, I wish you well," and Jack's lips began to tremble, and he turned his face to the black-board, and the tears streamed down his cheeks as though he were still a child.

The school would sing to some lovely chant music written, I think, by Dr. Root, the words beginning—

"Jesus in the temple with the doctors wise"—

words like these, which were followed by New Testament texts beginning with the word "Blessed,"

"Jesus with the people, ever loved to be,
On the shady mountain, by the shining sea,
When the people sought him, from the toiling day,
Jesus with the people, what did Jesus say?"

Jack was happy, but he began to see that his specialized work should be with the sailors on the sea.

"I must go where I can do the most good," he said.
"Else I would not be all I can, and that is little."

He would listen to the winter storms, and he once said:

"I think I can hear God's voice calling me in the storms."

He loved to sing with the school an hymn that Frau Susanne had taught the children:

"When through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,"

and another hymn which is almost as old as the Christian Church:

"Fierce was the wild billow,
Dark was the night."

Everybody loved Jack.

St. Elizabeth's kindergarten ideas which she preached everywhere, and about which she was writing books, were living seeds. A good woman would take them up one day, and devote \$20,000 a year to them; then the Boston School Committee would enlarge the work; then the churches, and Boston would become a kindergarten city as it now is.

Jack's plan for his Sunday-school under Frau Susanne's advice and influence grew and multiplied. Let us present an outline of this parable teaching which followed the example furnished in the Gospels.

I.

The Child Christ's Return from Egypt to Galilee.

In Jewish families it was the custom to relate the Old Testament stories to children of five years. Frau Susanne related to Jack the stories of Joseph and the Exodus, which the parents of the child Jesus must have told him at this age. He made a series of lessons of them.

II.

The Parables of Christ retold as stories.

The children were to be instructed in the parables,

III.

The stories of the doves of the Bible with all of the passages of Scripture that refer to the Holy Spirit.

IV.

A board picture of three empty crosses in the sunset, with a recitation by all of Matthew's account of the crucifixion.

V.

A recitation of all the passages of Scripture beginning with the word "Blessed," with a board picture of a tree planted by "rivers of water," etc.

When Father Taylor spoke to the children on

these topics he seemed to make the teachings of Christ live again. His stories added parables to parables. They were better than those in many books. They made truth clear, and were long remembered. All schools need a natural story-teller, now as in Hebrew times. A story needs the voice.

Jack began to take an interest in little Jewish children, because he thought them the most neglected of all people.

Christmas was at hand.

People with theories came to the Mariners' Home, and the "Holiday Home" stories illustrated to them the influence of the story as character education.

"Stories," said the poet, "are suggestions; they change conduct through the heart and conscience; they live. I would have schools begin in story telling, or would have story-telling schools."

"In Germany," said one of the visitors, "all children go through fairyland, and so cultivate the imagination at the susceptible time of life. Many New England people seem to regard the telling of fairy stories as frivolous and wrong. But such people, as a rule, tell ghost stories, and stories of the killing of Indians and animals in a very brutal way."

A large number of people had gathered after a church service around the fire, and the poet discoursed to them on the educational influence of story-telling.

“I would have a course of story-telling in every school,” he said, “that would teach—‘That to live for the soul is best’; ‘That happiness comes from the service of others’; ‘That happiness comes from things that money cannot buy; ‘That the infinity of the soul is the evidence of its immortality.’ I would have such stories told as make self-control the crowning virtue of life. All that is noble lies in the soul. The Prodigal Son and the Good Samaritan are the great parables of the world.”

“If I had the means,” said one of the ladies, who was starting a kindergarten in Boston, “I would gather all homeless children into kindergartens on farms near a city, and I would begin their education by telling them stories, and the stories should show them the nobility of self-control. Self-control in youth prevents not only crime, but changes the influences that lead to unworthy conduct and to insanity and suicide.”

Father Taylor came in after an ardent, faithful sermon, and leaned on the shelf by the fire.

He assented to the tenor of what had been said.

“I know well the power of story-telling,” he said. “All life is but an extension of the spiritual faculties, all worlds, everything, simply spirit bodied forth. Stories furnish the ideals of life and all life follows suggestion. Do you hear that, my old story-tellers? You are to tell stories during the holiday weeks—tell those that have souls in them,

and that will live in the memory of the boys at sea. A right story is a sermon; it changes into an angel. I would have story-telling Sunday-schools—Christ did."

The stories that followed in the long evenings had this character. They illustrated life—

"Both what to follow, what to shun,
Both what to do and leave undone,
How turn to left and how to right."

There were three "natural story-tellers," as they were called, present, the poet, another, an old traveler, and another, a domestic called Scottish Nora.

"Let me start a story-telling school in the Holiday Home for the Christmas season," said Father Taylor. "In my view stories of self-control are the kind most needed. Who will become a teacher in that department?"

"I will tell one such a story," said the poet. "I have one in mind."

"I could tell a story," said the old traveler, "that would illustrate the truth 'If one would make *sheeps* of themselves, they must expect to get shorn.'"

"That would be excellent," said Father Taylor. "And on Christmas night we will have riddles. We will call in the Rhyming Riddler."

There was such an odd character among the sailors.

"And I," said Scottish Nora—"I could tell you

some experiences of me own that would show you how to avoid some of the *bumps* of life—ah—it is many bruises that I have had.”

“And I—I think I could tell you a story of charity,” said Captain Pigeon—“one that would make us all love to say—

“ ‘ There are angels hovering ’round.’ ”

“That is the right kind of a tale,” said Father Taylir. “Save your story until Christmas Eve. Let us have stories that will live in life.”

The story-telling in this new school of influence was begun by the poet on the first evening of Christmas week. It was a tale of a Jew.

His story was one of a philosopher whose system of philosophy is hardly consistent with the pure and simple teachings of Christ, but who caught the spirit of the teachings of Christ in a beautiful way, after his Jewish education. We relate it to show how self-sacrificing the Jewish heart may become, and to make a plea for the Jewish children in the Ghettos.

“THE LONELIEST MAN IN THE WORLD.”

“It is the fate of the wanderer to fall over the precipice.” The speaker was an Amsterdam Jew named Chisdai. He was a heresy hunter, and he had long been pursuing a polisher of gems, or lenses, named Baruch Spinoza. This polisher of gems had



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made himself one of the most learned men in the world, but he was a lonely student. He had thought deeply while learning his trade, this same Baruch Spinoza. One day he startled the Wise Men of the Synagogue by declaring that "Thought must be free if it would know the truths of life, and it ought not to be governed by the laws of a State Church."

"Not by the laws of Moses?" asked the watchful Chisdai.

"Not by Moses, nor by any man. There is nothing that is true that is not universal and eternal, and truth is self revealing, and is open to all who seek its light."

"In that view the Jew is no more elect of God than the Gentile," said the heresy hunter.

"No, he is not; all men are alike the children of God, and he who denies himself the most for others shall receive the most truth from the light of God, like Melchisedec, to whom Abraham paid tithes, although Melchisedec was not a Jew, but had found the truth by the light of the spiritual laws of his own life. No, Chisdai, the Jew is not and never was more than any Gentile who obeys the laws of the inner light. Truth is truth wherever found."

"Baruch Spinoza, polisher of gems, thou hast spoken blasphemy, and I have long been following you to hear you speak that word that denies the priesthood of Israel. I have heard it; for that purpose I have crept after you in lonely courts at night,

under the moon and stars, and for that purpose I have stood behind you at night on the bridges of Amsterdam. Hear me, Baruch Spinoza, polisher of gems, it is my duty to accuse you to the Synagogue. As a heretic I hate you, and I will make you a fugitive from our own race; you shall be spat upon in the streets of Amsterdam. I hate you as a heretic, and all the world shall come to avoid you. You shall be cursed in the Synagogue, with that curse on the parchment that makes men wither. It is the fate of the wanderer to fall over the precipice!"

The speaker glided away in the shadows of the law courts, where dim lights were flickering in the cold, raw winds, leaving the polisher of gems standing alone.

"O Chisdai, Chisdai, my enemy," said Spinoza. "I pity thee out of the new light that has arisen in my heart. A curse withers the lips that utter it; hate poisons the blood of him who harbors it. I wait but the opportunity to do thee good, whatever thou mayest do to me."

He went to the Amstel Bridge, under which the rapid waters were flowing. To him all men were equal; the soul was the true book of God; and divine revelation awaited all men who obeyed spiritual laws.

"The curse of the Synagogue," he said. "I heard it once pronounced, and no words more awful ever entered into the imagination of men. I have

never done anything but to love my fellow-men. Why should Chisdai seek to bring upon me the curse of the Synagogue?" He walked to and fro in the dim light.

"I seek not to have revenge on any one," he said, "but when one harms me I only seek to learn the cause of it. To know all is to forgive all. It is the bigotry of my people that has led Chisdai to hate me. I pity him in my heart and forgive him for his blindness. I would change his heart if I could; to change a man's heart from evil intent to love opens one of the gates of Heaven to the soul."

He walked to and fro; his soul glowed with love to God and to all men; he believed that the spirit of God lived in everything, and that every life that had consciousness was divine. He was, as one has long after his death described him, a "God-intoxicated" man.

His heart longed for the happiness of all men, and all men were about to leave him utterly alone in the world.

It was Christmas eve. The wind was going down, and the sails were falling about the quais. The early Christmas exercises in the churches were ending, and crowds with evergreens came hurrying joyfully over the bridge, and the polisher of gems stood there alone by a lamp-post to see the bright, happy faces pass.

His Jewish features stood out distinctly in the

narrow circle of light. As the children saw him they pushed aside; they drew away their evergreens from him, and said one to another, "The Jew."

The bells filled the air above the glimmering waters—bells of joy, calling the people to celebrate the birth of the Babe of Bethlehem, in the after service that was to follow the children's hour into the holy night.

The crowd of merry children had now passed over the bridge, and had done, as they dreamed, a signal service in shunning the Jew under the lamp.

One little girl came after the rest, alone. She was crying. She saw the polisher of gems and stopped. She looked up into his face wonderingly.

"You are a Jew?" she asked. "I pity you," she said. "I have been to the church, and they gave all the other girls presents, but they forgot me. I am all alone in the world: *you* are all alone in the world. You do pity me, don't you? There is no room for us in the inn. Would you, who are a Jew, make me a little Christmas present, if you had one?"

"My child, did ever a Christian make a little Jewish girl a Christmas present? Was ever such a heart large enough to do a thing like that?"

"Not that I ever heard."

"My child, that thought was unworthy of me. May the Highest forgive me."

"But did you ever know a Jew to make a little Christian girl, who was forgotten, a Christmas present?"

"No—no— may the Highest forgive them all!"

"And, sir, is *your* heart big enough to do that?"

He had a warm coat about him with great pockets. He took from one of them a gold and silver box. It contained spikenard.

"Here," said he, "is a box of nard. As often as you open it perfume will fill the air. It is my present to you. And here is a gold piece to go with it." He turned his face to the stars.

"They brought to the Babe nard," said the child.

"What Babe?" he said, looking down.

"The One for whom there was no room in the inn."

She turned away, the full light of joy in her eyes.

"My child, don't speak to me if you ever see me again. It is only what we do, without any desire for gratitude, love or reward, that enriches the soul."

She passed out of the circle of light into the shadows, and her light step was lost to his ear on the bridge, growing silent now.

And he soon after passed from the circle of light into the shadows. A terrible hour was at hand.

* * * * *

Over the door of a Synagogue in Amsterdam, the words *בית יעקב* "The House of Jacob," burned through the sun-illumined mist. Rabbis were passing through the seven columns of the vestibule, their long beards bending low, as though some weight

of the world unusually heavy was resting upon their shoulders. They descended, for the room where the people were assembling was below the ground, that they might cry to God "Out of the depths."

One old man passed in from the light in silence, and went down into the depths; it was the father of Spinoza, the polisher of gems.

Baruch ben Benjamin Spinoza, the polisher of gems, was to appear before the Council of Ten Judges that day to answer to the charge of heresy in that he had declared that all men were born equal, and that all thought should be free, and that all who obeyed spiritual laws and sought spiritual light were alike the children of God.

The fire of consumption was burning in the thin face of the accused, his soul shone through the light casement of his form like a pale flame in a vase of alabaster.

He walked down the steps and into the golden room, with the air of one who had overcome the world, and stood near his father, who sat with his face to the floor, inwardly groaning.

Chisdai was there, his enemy and accuser. He felt that his hour of triumph had come.

An awesome silence fell on the assembly. The initial ceremonies were performed, and the Judge read the charge and called the witnesses.

Chisdai arose.

"He has blasphemed God and the prophets.

He has followed the Baal reason—Woe is the hour—woe is the hour!"

"You hear the charges," said the Judge. "You are a follower of reason; do you recant? Baruch ben Spinoza, answer me that!"

"Refute me by reason and I will recant. God works not contrary to reason."

It was so silent that it seemed as though the earth stood still.

The polisher of gems listened to other witnesses against him.

"Do you recant?" again asked the Judge.

"After the manner that you call reason, so worship I the God of my fathers, for so have been His revelations to me. I cannot think otherwise than I have thought, nor can you do otherwise than you have done. You may pronounce a curse upon me, but I curse you not, nor do I curse any one."

The rabbis tore their mantles at these words. The father of the accused bent down to the dust.

A rabbi took up a trumpet and blew it three times, and the echoing notes died away in the silence of the dusky arches.

Then the Judge opened the sacred ark from a golden recess, and took from it a parchment.

The old man in the dust heard the parchment unrolling, and exclaimed, "Out of the depths! Out of the depths!"

The Judge said: "Ye assembly hear and witness."

A shudder that filled the hall followed these words.

He stood there, the polisher of gems, as a lamb led to the slaughter; and yet like a bird with lifted wing, he seemed to feel the presence of the sky, the azure brow of the Eternal All.

"In the name of the Lord of Hosts," said the Judge, "I lay thee, Baruch, son of Benjamin, under the eternal curse, earthly and heavenly.

"Cursed be thee by the saints above."

"Out of the depths," cried the father of Baruch, lying in the dust, "My son, my son!"

"I curse thee by the Seraphim!"

"Out of the depths," rose the same voice as before in deeper agony. "I am lost in my son."

"By the decree of this Council, be thy name shut out from all communities, and cast out of every nation under Heaven."

To this the lips of the old man in the dust made no response.

"On thee be great and heavy plagues, great distresses and horrible sicknesses. May thy star vanish and thy house be a dragon's den."

His voice rose higher.

"Where Israel lies buried, may thy grave never be!"

"Baruch, son of Benjamin, may thy name be cast out from every nation under Heaven!"

He added, "Go out into the world again, and cursed be thy going out!"

The polisher of gems turned and departed. The assembly arose, and spat at him as he went.

"Out!" The sun still shone for him, the birds still sung for him, the flowers still bloomed for him, the stream flowed, and the seed sprung out of the earth. Human hearts shut their doors, but open still stood the gates of the visible Heavens. Out was the all.

"Out?" I am telling with some bits of interpretive fiction a true story. What shall the future of this outcast be? Is his star indeed extinguished?

He wrote in hidden chambers now. The substance of what he wrote was that God is love, and the eye of the heart blind, and that obedience to spiritual law was an illumination. The pure see, the obedient know.

One day a doctor came to him, and said, "I come to thee as a physician, and not as a Jew. There is a colony of Jewish emigrants about to start for Brazil. Chisdai wished to join them, but they did not receive him. There is not a Jew in Amsterdam that will ever forgive him for accusing you."

"There is one, doctor."

"Who?"

"I will forgive him."

We hate those whom we injure. Hate feeds on hate and grows into crime.

One night as Spinoza was resting in the church portico of St. Clave, a muffled stranger approached

him, and thrust a dagger into his coat, thinking that he had stabbed him, and fled away. A few hours the body of this muffled stranger was found in the Amstel. The would-be assassin had thought that he had murdered his victim, which he had not. He was Chisdai.

The story, which was intended to show how forgiving the heart of a Jew might be, was followed by a queer enough traveler's story, by the traveler. This we will give in another chapter.

The day before Christmas found Jack lying on his bed. Dark came on early, and his tallow dip burned down early in the evening.

There was a light in the stairway, and it increased. He heard a voice—it was that of the good woman of the house.

“You must do it this time,” said she. “The house is full of company—don't you know?”

“Yes, but it hurts me. We've got enough.”

“But to-morrow is Christmas, don't you know? I must have a pigeon pot pie.”

“Yes, well—I don't know. I couldn't eat one of my pigeons. Let's turn back. They are a part of my congregation. It is bloody work that you want me to do. Jack?”

It was Father Taylor's voice.

“Sir?”

“Would you be after killing some of the pigeons for the Christmas breakfast? Hey, boy?”

"No—not *our* pigeons."

"Let's turn back."

Jack saw the darkness growing. He heard the housekeeper say:

"Well, if you ain't the most chicken-hearted man for an old sailor that I ever knew!" said the discomfited housekeeper.

All was dark then; all was still. The incident is practically true.

CHAPTER XI.

THE QUEER LITTLE MAID THAT SAW LIGHTS O' NIGHTS.

THE nights grew long, and the days short. The still, gray December days came, and the "snug harbor" home was filled with people from many lands.

Jack's interest in the Jewish children of the street led to the telling of Jewish stories, and some of them were associated with frankincense or nard, or the boxes of odors—a kind of story somewhat out of the common trend, but quite in harmony with the new work.

Sea-captains came into the inn evenings, and told tales of adventures in many lands. Among these was one that greatly amused the young Jack tars. The captain had become a traveler, and he called his story "The Queer Little Maid that Saw Lights."

"In traveling," began the captain, "beware of people who tell you they have great relations, great riches, or who have done great things in far away places——"

"Amen," said Father Taylor, who somehow seemed to relish the remark.

"And especially beware," continued the captain,

“of suspicious people. Such people are always to be suspected, and they are usually suspicious of the same faults in others that they have themselves.”

“Amen,” said Father Taylor again.

The captain then set out on “the voyage” of his curious story, which illustrated these truths.

THE QUEER LITTLE MAID THAT SAW LIGHTS.

It was near the close of the year 18—. I had been spending the summer in Switzerland with my wife. My wife had a little maid we called Lettie, whom, as it will appear, I shall have cause to remember. She was a very suspicious little body, and had a great fear of robbers and that we would be robbed. She was a novel reader, and especially liked such works as “Wuthering Heights” and “The House on the Marsh.”

This little maid is the one mystery of my life. I have but one clew to her character, which is a proverb which she used frequently to quote: “If people will make sheep of themselves (she used to say ‘sheeps’ in a double plural) they must expect to be devoured by wolves.” She had a literary taste, or affected to have, and was apt in quotation, and once when I offered her an unused ticket to the museum, which place I had pronounced in the common way, and she asked if I meant “the mus-ee-um,” I said to my wife:

"Where do you suppose Lettie lived before she came to us?"

"I never study the history of my servants," said she. "I see that you do not altogether like her; why?"

"She is a little affected," said I, "and too suspicious. She talks too much about being 'strictly honest.' People as a rule do not say much about that which is continuous. If a person tells again and again that he is honest, he is apt to have some reason for it. If one says to me that he can eat anything, that one has had or has the dyspepsia. People who put cotton in keyholes are those who peep through keyholes. An honest mind is transparent and thinks no evil."

"But you are suspicious of Lettie," said my wife.

"She reminds me of a hypnotic partridge when the bird has something to conceal. She hides everything with a nervous flutter."

"She has learned prudence by service as a lady's companion," replied my wife, "and men are not good judges in such matters."

I had no more to say at that time, but one day Lettie astonished me beyond measure by quoting from Browning:

"Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise from outward things."

"Where did you find that?" asked I. No one had ever asked me to any Browning club.

“ I read ‘ Paracelsus,’ ” said she.

“ Did you read ‘ Paracelsus ’ ? ” asked I, in alarm.

Her cap border gave a little wiggle of agitation, and she seemed to concentrate her muscles into a statue, and the statue spoke, Pygmalion-like:

“ I read ‘ Paracelsus.’ ” Her form seemed to grow.

“ Oh, do you ? ” said I, meekly, with a new sense of the progress of the age. I was so hurt and humbled that I went out and found relief in freeing an industrious hen who had become entangled in a cord that restrained her activities.

We came from Geneva to London in December, and concluded to go to Southampton to take a ship home. We arrived at that place late in the month, took rooms in a quiet quarter of the town near a gabled house which we were told had been one of the palaces of Henry VIII., and where Anne Boleyn had passed the few happy days of her married life.

The street was a very old one. It looked down to Southampton Water through a heavy stone arch, through which we were told that the soldiers of Henry V. had passed on their way to Agincourt. The little inn where we stopped was called “ The Sign of the Ship,” from some long-gone legend. The upper windows overlooked the harbor and were overlooked at a little distance by the pointed roofs of the old palace of Henry VIII., which stood in a somewhat central part of the city.

At this hotel, which now may have ceased to exist, I met with one of the most singular experiences of my life.

The inn had been recommended to me as a quiet, inexpensive place, of the old-time cast and character, by a friend whom I had met at Geneva, and who did me there many kind favors. We came to it just at night, and our little maid, who had gained a great influence over my life, and whose tongue was never silent with her suspicions, seemed to regard it unfavorably as soon as we had alighted from the hack. We had found her at Geneva, and we could see that she was not altogether willing to accompany us to America. She was "suspicious," as she said, of Americans.

"All the saints help us now," she exclaimed, as we passed through the gate. "I have seen that place before."

"Where, Lettie?" asked my wife, with a look of apprehension.

"In me dreams, lady." She used the word "lady" in a different tone. I could see that my good wife usually liked the sound of the word.

Places seen in dreams do not usually offer cheerful suggestions. We passed into the old wooden hall through a faded garden of hedgerows. We were met by some stolid people, who were civil, and thought themselves polite, and were shown apartments on the lower floor of the tavern house, that

looked to be very ancient, and that smelled musty. There was no backyard to the inn; the rambling building seemed to connect with other buildings, some of which were gray and green with moss.

“We are to wait for the steamer ‘American,’” said I to the landlady. “She is yet to come in, is she not?”

“We always watch for the flag on the consulate,” said she, “and tell our guests when the steamer arrives. ‘The ‘American,’ the ‘American,’ did you say? Why, no, man, she is already in port. It is good weather, I hear, that they have been having outside; they set the flag on the consulate for her yesterday, as I remember.”

Of all the places in the world to wait for a steamer, there is none more delightful than Southampton—Southampton Water. The town holds the history of England in its associations, and the opportunity to visit the beautiful ruin of Netley Abbey—the middle ages in miniature—Cowes, on the Isle of Wight, and Osborne House, a favorite residence of the Queen, and Ventnor, a summer land by the sea, on the same island, is easy, and brings a sense of charm that never fades from memory. Lord Tennyson loved the island, and lived here homed ’mid evergreens. As beautiful is the ride to Winchester, the place of the tombs of early English kings, under the oaks of the centuries. One could linger in Southampton weeks, before the returning voyage.

The city and its suburbs are haunted by the most romantic memories of the Saxon, Norman and old English periods of history, and of the beautiful "Mayflower" legend, of eternal fame.

My wife did not like our rooms. The little maid shook her white cap at them like a weathercock, distended her eyes warningly and said: "Always beware of ground floor rooms in strange places."

So I went to the short, round-faced landlady and said:

"We will be here but a short time, can you not give us some upper rooms?"

"I would be glad to accommodate you, if I could," said the landlady, "but the rooms above are not tidied. It may be that you will be here but a single night, as the ship is already in port."

We ordered a sole, a delicious kind of fish, for supper, and went out to see the city of the long-gone Henrys.

"Some places have souls," said Lettie, as we went down the street, "and there is something living that haunts me about those mouldy rooms. Not spirits, no, no, not those; something living—I have a second sight. I have seen rooms just like those in my sleep—and I dreamed of such a one three times."

"Oh, away now with superstitions!" said I.

She merely answered: "Well, if you will, you will."

We came to the huge sea wall, a thousand years

old. The havened waters lay under it, only stirred by the light oars of boats.

"It was out of this harbor that the Pilgrim Fathers of New England sailed," said I.

"They were the Argonauts of America," said Lettie. "And may we only get away as safely," she added. "The pilot of the Argonaut never came back."

I glanced at my wife and felt withered by our ignorance.

Beyond the water, red with the sunset of the short days, was Cowes on one side and a great marine hospital on the other, near which our guidebook told us were the remains of Netley Abbey. The high roof of the hospital gleamed in the last rays of the sun. I hold the picture of it all in my mind.

We went to Canute's palace, and found it a stable. It was too late to take a journey to the historic New Forest, or to take a ride on the oaklined Winchester road. So we walked along the great street by the sea over which travelers had passed for thousands of years. Splendid steamers were near, like an iron wall, but the atmospheres of the past were still everywhere.

We found our steamer among the ocean palaces at the many wharves, and learned that she was to leave on the day after the day that followed, having a special passenger engagement, with a great tourist party.

As we were returning, we cast our eyes up to a tall warehouse and read: "On this place Canute rebuked the vanity of his courtiers by ordering back the sea!"

"It was a wise old head he had," said Lettie, who seemed more familiar than we with the exact historical circumstances, "and I would rather stay all night in the stable that was his palace than to be robbed where we are going now. The robber will be old, and dark, and creepy like, and all bent over, and his eyes will be black, and his beard long, and his fingers will all go wiggly-waggly."

"That will do, Lettie," said I. "Such talk as that makes my wife nervous. We shall not be robbed. Travelers returning home are never robbed. Their letters of credit are too small to tempt thieves—mine always is."

The lights began to twinkle in the stores, and there was holly in many windows. There was a little sailors' church near the sea to which men were carrying evergreens for decorations.

"The town needs no trimming," said I, as we passed along the Canute road toward the ancient walls that faced the sea. "The old fortifications and towers are mantled with ivy all the year. This port is associated with William the Conqueror, I believe; here may have come Queen Matilda's ship with the many-colored silken sails." I fancied I had said something bright and classical.

I wondered what reply Lettie would make to so much learning as that.

“And only to think what tragedies this place has seen, only to think of them!” said the ready Lettie. “This is the place where people disappear—I have read; and they have not all gone yet, I mind. I shall be glad when you are on the sea.”

The red sun had gone down. The sea lights were twinkling, and the port town grew very still. There were street lights here and there, the lamp posts being placed at long distances with great economy. We returned to the little, old, rambling inn, found our supper of fried sole and fragrant tea awaiting us; ate it with a relish; talked briefly with some travelers in the office and reception room, which in this case were one, and I and my wife went to our room.

Lettie did not follow at once. She said:

“I wish to make a few purchases at the shops around the corner,” and went out. We heard the gate close behind her. She had not gone long. She returned saying: “Things look very strange around here. Are your valuables all safe?”

I had no valuables to be otherwise than safe. But my wife had a jewel case which she bought in Geneva, and had received some gold on her letter of credit in London. She always had money; her bank never failed.

She started at Lettie's question, and said:

“If anything should happen, Lettie, see here; I have put money and jewelry into my sleeve pocket, in this sacque, and I am going to hang the sacque under my morning dress here in plain sight this side of your door.”

There was a strong hook on the side of the door in our room that opened into Lettie's room. My wife hung the sacque in the hidden way that she had described, where it could be recovered immediately, in case of an alarm.

Lettie's room joined ours, and opened into it. Both apartments were ample. Soon after she closed her door she rapped nervously, and on my wife's saying “come,” she ventured:

“Strange that they should have put us on the ground floor. There is a door at the end of my room—where do you suppose it goes to? It opens out. Oh, always beware of rooms that open out. I've read of them—I haven't read books and books for nothing.”

The landlady appeared while Lettie's imagination was thus active.

“Have you everything that you will need for the night?” said she to my wife, rattling some keys that were bound around her waist by a long cord.

“I would like two tallow dips, if you please,” piped Lettie, putting her head into the door.

“Certainly it is two tallow dips that you can have—I mean always to be accommodating, but you will not need them. Will you sit up long?”

“I feel that I will sit up all night; it is that nervous that I am, madam. It is fits ’magnations I have sometimes.”

The landlady did not comprehend.

“There surely can be nothing to make you nervous here; there is not a more peaceable spot in all England,” she said. “The guests that come here are mostly sea captains.” She turned away to send a servant for another dip for Lettie.

“I wonder,” said the latter, “if all the sea captains that come here sail away again, or whether this is not the end of the voyage with some of them. I can feel that there is a tall man in the other room. People have astral bodies.”

“Oh, Lettie, talk no more,” said I. “Go into your room and be quiet for the rest of the night,” I answered. “I shall no sooner touch the bed than I shall be sound asleep.”

She closed the door timidly with a faint good-night.

“Astral bodies—what are they?” asked my wife. “What do you suppose the girl means?”

“I haven’t the remotest notion,” said I. “She has read novels till she is flighty at times—a little touched in mind.”

I sank into a bed of feathers under a canopy—a valance of Dolly Varden pattern, such as Pickwick may have found at the Red Cross Inn, on the night of the untoward happenings.

I was soon in the bliss of a transient oblivion, when I was aroused by hearing my wife say in a stage voice—"Horace?"

"What is it?"

"Horace, get up."

"Why?" I asked, in the shortest possible interrogation.

"Don't you hear? Lettie is knocking on the door again."

There came a rapid knock.

I roused and listened. It came again.

"What now?" I said impatiently.

"There's something in the other room," she whispered, then added: "It is awful. It is no fit of imaginations that I am having—you can see it yourself—do come, do, or I shall fly."

"Well, fly," said I. I added, "This is too bad!"

My wife was on her feet, and opened the door leading into Lettie's apartment.

"Still-like, still," I heard Lettie say, tiptoeing. "Hist——"

My wife disappeared in the room of mystery.

Presently she returned.

"You will have to come, Horace," she said, in a troubled voice; "there is something."

I partly dressed and entered the room. At the foot of this room was an antique door, and over the door was a transom that would turn. Lettie had mounted a chair and opened the transom, and had

made some discovery that had filled her heart with terror. My wife had also looked through the transom, and had taken alarm at something that she had seen.

“What is it now?” I asked.

“There is something very strange at the farther end of the other room,” whispered my wife. “Listen!”

I stood silent, and presently heard a very innocent voice in the next room say:

“Now, my hearty, I have you all made up. How do you think he looks?”

There was a long silence.

Then a joyous laugh rang out, and a rippling voice said:

“I don’t think he looks much like a thief after all.”

The word thief caused our little maid’s cap border to bob, and one of her hands to dart up into the air, and the ends of her fingers to quiver.

Presently a voice, and it seemed as if the patience of the ages was in it, said moderately in the next apartment:

“This one is all right—now I will make up another thief!”—My wife looked at me in the deepest concern.—“Three will be enough to knock the good heretic off his horse, and to rob him and leave him for dead,” continued the forbearing voice, in a tone like an ancient priest that echoed through the transom.

We three stood freezing at these words, and our little maid's left hand went up like an exclamation point, as her right hand had done. Every nerve in her body seemed to be in a tension of excitement.

"All the saints deliver us!" she whispered, in stage voice, bringing her two hands together.

She stepped toward the chair under the transom very cautiously, very still, waving her arms like a little windmill as she went. She mounted the chair, took one look through the transom, turned around and bent on us a face of most intense terror, like a stage face. Was she acting?

She went into my room and beckoned to us. She shut the door and sank into a chair.

"I know what it is now," she said. "I know all about it. It is a thiefmaker's shop. The man makes over men who have been thieves. They do such things in Paris, so I have read. France is only just across the channel, and they do such things here."

My wife gasped.

"What do you mean, Lettie?" asked I. The little maid's attitude seemed to throw a spell over me. I found myself under her influence, as if yielding to some strange influence. My heart began to beat so as to make me dizzy.

"It is this way," answered the maid, all agitation: "A man commits a crime, and he hurries off to a place like that, and the 'Presto-Change' man there makes him all over. Oh! Oh! he puts a new nose

on him, new eyebrows; a wig, cuts off his beard, or puts on one of another color, fits a hump to his back, dots him with small-pox marks; gives him a crutch, makes a lean man fat, a short man tall. Don't you see? He does it as if by magic. The man goes out, and his own brother would not know him. He pretends to help the police to find himself. He goes onto a steamer in the very eyes of the police. What did I tell you? That's the very man I saw in my three dreams. But that was not all that I saw in my dream. Oh, oh, this is dreadful, but not all, not all!" What else she had seen she mercifully left to our imagination. She swayed to and fro exclaiming "Oh!" at every motion.

"This is a place where they make men over!" she continued, seeing how I was affected. "I have read of such things. I am going to scream!"

"No, no, not yet," said I; "let us go and look again. No crime has been committed yet."

"I'll go again," said Lettie, with new resolution, "and if I see anything I'll put my head out of the window and scream—I'll scream 'murder! police! murder!' I'll scream loud enough to put a stop to all the wickedness in the world!"

That would have been a benevolent action, surely, but I would hardly want our maid to scream like that. She stole into her room with a bowed form as full of some wild will, and we followed her, candles in hand. She mounted the chair, and took another

sudden glance into the apartments beyond. She stepped down and whispered in a very stage-like attitude:

“They are bringing in the body. He’s dead. Now we’ll all be arrested and hanged. Where’s the consul?”

I mounted the chair all nerves and agitation. It was, indeed, a strange and suspicious scene which met my eye. The long apartment looked like some scene in Bagdad out of the “Arabian Nights.” In it was a tall, robust man, rather old, with long, patriarchal beard, and in a flowing robe and girdle. By his side stood a little girl with an innocent face of wonderful beauty. Standing near were three villainous-looking men, and on a couch lay a man covered, as it appeared, with bloody wounds, and seemingly dead.

A noble-looking man in Oriental costume entered the room, with a flask in his hand. He asked, “How do I look?” The little girl’s face turned into smiles, and she answered: “Good, good, blessed!”

How could this innocent child be smiling amid horrors like these? Had she become so hardened in crime?

The tall man bent a benevolent look on the visitor. “Yes, yes, it is as my little Ruth says—you look good. This,” he added, “is all your affair, but I can enter into it in spirit.” He turned to the three villains and said:

“You will do the deed well.”

I stepped back and whispered to my wife, “A murder has been committed.” At this chilling announcement Lettie clasped her head in her hands like an actress in a mad scene on the stage, and swayed to and fro despairingly.

She rushed toward the window and was about to open it, when I held her back.

“I’ll holler now so that I will rouse the dead. I will!”

That would be something out of the prophetic order.

“Hold, Lettie,” I said, “I am not sure.”

“We would be detained over a ship as witnesses,” said my thoughtful wife. “Are you sure that the man is dead?”

She looked through the transom again, standing on the chair.

“Now that old man does not look as though he would have done that,” said she. “The girl must be an idiot. She does not show the slightest feeling or pity. I have heard of such things before. The man is recovering; he is sitting up.”

“Then, maybe I’ll not be hanged,” added Lettie, with a look of merciful hope relaxing her rigid face.

“Are you sure that our heads are right?” asked my wife.

“Mine is all right,” said Lettie.

We entered our own room and sat down in silence.

"I'll ring the bell," said my wife.

"No, no—wait—let me think," said I, slowly.
"Lettie, don't speak a word, let me think."

We sat in silence for some minutes. The English church bell was striking ten, near the great common where the statue of Dr. Watts, of hymn and nursery-song fame, stood. The town was still. Not even a footfall was heard on the streets, and the ancient inn was as still as the town.

I tried to think, but the scenes I had witnessed were full of contradictions to any theory that I could form. The innocent, laughing face of the child was wholly inconsistent with the opinion of our bright, little maid.

The voice of the old man was also out of keeping with such a theory. The human voice is the picture of the soul. A man's true character may be read in his tone of voice. His soul makes the tone that is a keynote to what he is. Insincerity has a false tone always, but this man's tone rang true to life; it was honest and sincere.

I recalled the voices of the three thieves. I could not bring them back as distinctly, but they were such as would not have awakened any grave suspicion had I heard them on the street.

"What are we to do?" asked my wife. "To what conclusion have you come?"

"Let me go back and look through the transom once more," said I.

“If you had seen as much of the world as I,” said Lettie, “you would suspicion most people.”

“What mysterious experiences in life have made you so suspicious?” I asked again.

“I have had my disappointments,” she added with a sigh.

I went back into Lettie’s room, and my wife and the maid followed me, the latter saying in a very depressing tone:

“Most people in this world need watching. You’ll find it so some day. What are your eyes for?”

I again mounted the chair.

The scene that I saw made me doubt my sanity. The old patriarch was seated by an open fire, the little girl was leaning on his knee, and the three thieves’ faces had changed into a sudden benevolence, and they seemed to have lost their noses, eyes, hair and beards. The men were smoking.

Amazing as the transformations of the three criminals were, they surprised me less than the appearance of the “murderer” man. The latter had been to a commode where was an antique washbowl, and had washed the blood stains from his face, and was wiping his face with a towel.

He came and sat down by the fire.

“Now Ruth,” said the old man to the little girl, with a beaming face, “pass around the box of nard. It is a custom that my people have, a very ancient custom. I hope you will like to enjoy it with me.

It comforts me to have strangers like it. It recalls the ancient days before my people became wanderers over the earth. Breathe the odors with me. You used to use snuff-boxes in the old time; more pleasant, methinks, is the box of nard."

The little girl brought from a desk a very beautiful box, and handed it to the "murdered" man, and lifted the cover. The latter sat in silence as charmed by some new situation.

"Let me look now," whispered our little maid at my elbow.

I stepped from the chair and she looked through the transom.

She quickly stepped down from the chair.

"He is poisoning them now. I have read of such things. The man has revived, and the old man is administering poison to him. Everything grows stranger and stranger! If I ever see another morning I will have been made wiser by the experience of this orful night."

I mounted the chair again, and peered into the far, strange room. The little girl was passing the box from one to another. As each one held it under his chin, the most delicious odors seemed to arise from it, as in a faint cloud, and to suggest the land of dreams, of gardens afar, of Araby the Blest, and all beautiful things.

"I shall not go to bed again to-night," said my wife. "I shall sit here in my wraps till the morn-

ing comes, and no money would ever tempt me to pass another night in this place."

"Nor me," said Lettie, whose grammar was provincial—"nor me—I will never spend another night here. I have seen too much of the world; I have lost faith in near most everybody."

"Sho!" said I, but somehow I was falling under the same spell of peculiar apprehension that had overcome my wife. There was something wrong somewhere; I could feel that. Criticism is the language of failure, and suspicion is a trait of character to cause one to be suspected; but whatever could be the interpretation of that night's events, there was insincerity in the atmosphere.

"What have we to read?" asked I.

"I have the 'Mysteries of Paris,'" ventured Lettie. "It is illustrated. I will go and get it."

She flitted into her room and back again, bringing the books. A glance at one of the illustrations was enough. I closed the volume, and wondered if a servant could wholly be trusted whose imagination fed on such food as that.

The little maid flitted back and forth again and again, as though she had many thoughts in her head. She glanced at the sacque behind the door at times to see that it was safe.

"If anything should happen," she said, "I would look out for that first."

"Faithful soul!" I heard my wife say. "It

was a fortunate day that brought her to us—she would die for me.”

Lettie heard these emphatic words.

“Yes,” said she, “that I would, lady. You are right. You have read my heart, like as the poet read the heart of Paracelsus.” She clasped her hands above her head, and I wondered if she had some time been an actress.

Should I call the police? The sudden return of the supposed murdered man to life threw my thoughts into utter confusion. Everything was contradiction, but something was wrong.

“Now I will go,” she said, at last, “and I will watch for you in the other room. I have two tallow dips.”

“Faithful soul,” I heard my wife exclaim again. “How prudent and farsighted she was, too—two tallow dips.”

We sat in our easy chairs in our dressing gowns, one at each end of the table.

“Faithful heart!” I heard my wife say again. “I feel safe now—see what it is to have those that you can trust about you!”

A fright is usually followed by a feeling of indifference. My wife became calm. I could see that her mind was launching out on the sea of dreams.

It is a charming experience in life to have spent a summer at Geneva. To keep awake my wife began to say: “Do you remember the day at the Chateau

of Mme. de Staël? Do you remember Lausanne? Voltaire's Garden, with a view of Mont Blanc? The concerts in the English Garden? Rousseau's garden in the lake under the trees, and our evenings there?"

Now the path between "don't you remember" and dreamland is short, and my wife's memories tended from the shores of Lake Lemman to sleep. I remembered it all, and how we had found our suspicious little maid at a consulate, and was there told that she could "entertain as well as serve," and that she had seen much of life on the Continent as a "lady's companion." In the midst of the "don't you remember" and the reaction of excitement, I, too, began to feel leaden weights on my eyes, pulling downward, and to find surcease from horror in the reflection that the things that you do not see, do not hear, do not know, do not harm you.

The wind blew mournfully along the sea walls, and rustled the loose leaves, and caused here and there a shutter to bang. The moon hung full over Southampton Water, and the clouds scudded over the moon. I had read of such nights as this in the gray of the year—Hallowe'en—St. Agnes's Eve when

"The owl with all his feathers was a-cold."

I had one sweet consolation—time was flying. I could see that my wife was feeling more and more secure—and passing far out on the sea of oblivion.

I, too, began to feel a like sense of security. We would be alarmed by the faithful, watchful Lettie in case of any attempt at robbery. I recall passing in mind farther and farther away from the door, the table, the "Mysteries of Paris," of wondering when I would find the time to join, in the buzz of Boston, in the study of the life of the mysterious physician who threw Galen away, and then I knew no more.

There came a bang on the door.

"Six o'clock!"

I started.

My wife sat before me, looking like a ghost in her white wraps.

She started and asked:

"Where are we, Horace?"—a traveler's query.

I was not sure, but my thoughts were coming home from the far ports of sleep.

"We are here," said I, which assurance seemed to give us much relief.

"Where is Lettie?"

"I will go and call her," said my wife, rising in her ghostly wraps.

She opened the door, looked into our maid's room, and turned her head.

"Gone!" said she, mysteriously.

"Gone?" said I, leaping to my feet. "Gone!" A thought came to me like the crack of an avalanche. I needed no light to assist me in solving one of the great mysteries of human existence. The solution



ELIZABETH PALMER PEABODY,
Founder of Boston's Kindergarten Schools.

did not come to me in any wavy lines of shadowy meaning, but in plain Benjamin Franklin's words: "If people will make sheep of themselves they must expect to be devoured by wolves," the favorite quotation of the vanished Lettie.

"Where is your sacque?" said I.

My wife turned as on a pivot. She looked behind the dress which had been hung over it on the door.

I never had seen her eyes become so large and mysteriously luminous.

"It is gone."

"Is the jacket gone, too?" The question was an important one, but it only brought me a look of rebuke.

"Phœbus!" said I, rudely quoting our late maid.

We dressed in silence, and rushed into the living room. The landlady was there with her jingling keys.

"Who occupies the apartments next to ours—through the transomed door?" I asked, without waiting to answer her "Good morning, my friends."

"Ahasuerus!"

"Ahasuerus!" said I, "and what does he do?"

"And sure it is alarmed you are—he is a *costumer*."

"A costumer—a costumer—are you sure?"

"Sure, certain, I am. The church folks rehearsed there last night for the tableau of the Good Samari-

tan. Ahasuerus is an honest man. And where is your maid this morning, may I ask?"

My wife did not reply.

I was as silent.

"I have seen her before," said the landlady.

"She is one of the maids who sometimes disappear."

My wife touched me on my arm.

"Don't say anything."

We had sole for breakfast, and ate in silence.

We searched our rooms again.

We searched Lettie's room.

We found on the table this legend—

"If people will make sheeps of themselves, they must——"

"Faithful soul!" said I, in an echo.

"Let us go right to the boat," said my wife.

"Don't let us try to find Lettie. Let us be thankful to find ourselves on board the boat."

She was a very positive woman.

I ordered the carriage, and we rode past the Canute legend in silence. I have often asked mental questions about Lettie, but we never saw our novel-reading, poet-quoting little maid again.

LITTLE JEWS.

Jack did indeed think for himself in his lonely hours. His heart went out more and more towards the Jewish children. He continued to plan a school

especially for them, but the parents of some of them objected to New Testament teachings.

"I will have an Old Testament kindergarten," said Jack to Frau Susanne one day.

"That honors your heart, Jack. I will help you. Seek the good of every one. Believe in all, love all, and build."

Captain Pigeon agreed to the plan of a Jewish school that the little Jewish children might attend with the permission of their parents.

So Jack began his school in one of Frau Susanne's rooms.

His first lesson was an odd one: he drew upon a board the picture of the casting of Joseph into the pit.

The children were greatly interested. They wished him to repeat the lesson, and to allow their older friends to come and hear his way of telling the old story.

He followed the suggestion.

Frau Susanne helped him that day. She addressed the company, and appealed to their hearts for all who needed the hand of help, and she sought to make plain to all that our duty to others must be done *now*. Jack worked at the board while she endeavored to enforce the lesson. He drew the Ishmaelites coming to the pit, and the coming and going of Reuben. Frau Susanne's thoughts followed the chalk, and the eyes and ears of all followed both

Jack and Frau Susanne. The good woman's lesson was like this:

JOSEPH WAS NOT THERE.

Were I to be asked, "What story do you hold to be the most beautiful in all the world?" I should answer, That of Joseph. It is the most human of the world's great stories, and it anticipated the gospel of redemption. If we are to regard Christ's parables as stories, the parable of the prodigal son might be given the first place among the narrative interpretations of life. The story of Ruth is one of the most beautiful of the world's narratives, because it represents a true heart. Longfellow's "Evangeline" has the same spirit and end, and may be regarded as one of the most beautiful stories ever written by an American pen. James Russell Lowell's "Legend of Sir Launfal" is a notable interpretation of life. England has her story of King Alfred and Round Table legends, and Germany her Rhinegold traditions, all of which are noble parables. But in our view the story of Joseph as a story, and not as a parable, is the best of all the world's great stories. The scene in which Joseph makes himself known to his brethren, who sold him to the wandering Ishmaelites, and in which he forgives the past and seeks only their good for the future, is unsurpassed in literature. It not only represents a turning-

point in Hebrew history, and illustrates true greatness of soul and the power of the human heart, but it prophesied the Sermon on the Mount of Beatitudes, the supreme teaching of the world.

It is a familiar story, and there are many side incidents in it that appeal to the heart. The silver cup in the sack of Benjamin is one of these.

But there is one incident of the story which sometimes escapes interpretation in the reading, and which represents the lost opportunities of a good intention. Reuben had hoped to rescue his brother from the pit. He went away from his brothers at that critical time, possibly into the mountains, intending to return after they had gone on their journey, and to lift Joseph out of the cavern. But he waited by himself too long. The incident is thus related with Oriental simplicity of detail:—

“And Reuben said unto them, Shed no blood, but cast him into this pit that is in the wilderness, and lay no hand upon him; that he might rid him out of their hands, to deliver him to his father again.

.

“And Reuben returned unto the pit, and, behold, Joseph was not in the pit; and he rent his clothes.

“And he returned unto his brethren and said, The child is not, and I, whither shall I go?”

His intention was noble, his plan kind, but he delayed too long.

Life is full of regrets for lost opportunities. We dream of what we will *sometime* do for others, but we leave them in their immediate need, and tarry by ourselves in the mountains too long. We go to the pit, but Joseph is not there, and then we say, "The child is not, and I, whither shall I go?"

It is claimed by certain English historians that Queen Elizabeth intended to rescue Queen Mary. If this were so, she "went to the pit, and Joseph was not there."

Rossini's father and mother were traveling musicians. Amid the scenes of almost unparalleled admiration which his genius awakened in Paris, his mother died. He felt that he had neglected her. He resolved to leave gay Paris, and to return to his father and make a home for him. The story of Reuben should not be repeated again in his family history.

A merchant has a faithful agent whom he intends to reward. The clerk toils on year after year, enriching him. The merchant waits too long. The overworked servant of his interests suddenly dies. The man of easy means and unearned luxury goes to the pit, and Joseph is not there.

There is some member of a family who is unfortunate. Through no fault of his own he fails. The members of the family intend to help him. The world turns against him,—he is in the pit. His

kindred are in the mountains. They go at last to the pit,—Joseph is not there.

We owe a duty to some soul in blindness, helplessness, stress, and struggle. We turn away from the need for the present. The unhappy victim of circumstance is carried away into bondage. We go to the pit, but Joseph is not there.

Are there those in the pits of life who may be sold into slavery while you are delaying? Are there young people whom you should lift, old people whom you should help, people overcome by faults whom you should restore? Now is the day for the deed, lest you return to the pit to rend your clothes and ask, “Whither shall I go?” “He returned to the pit, and Joseph was not in it.” The hour of duty is NOW.

The story of the silver cup which Joseph put into the sack of Benjamin was told in like manner, with chalk pictures on the board, and appropriate thoughts on the touching story by Frau Susanne.

The good woman told fairy stories, in original ways. But she also related tales that went home to the conscience, and those of warning and appeal.

She preferred telling stories to reading them, for she thought there was an influence in direct speaking that could not be as well exerted in any other way.

When she heard any one relate a character-build-

ing story, she asked for it for the school. One of these stories, told by a traveler, had a very much needed lesson:

THE CURRENT ICE.

In 1895 I passed a summer in Geneva, Switzerland. It was an experience of enchantment, and the memory of it like a living, waking dream.

One day, on Lake Lemman, I was told a story which long haunted me, and has become to me a parable of life.

In my boyhood days I had learned Byron's stanzas on Lake Lemman,—

“Clear, placid Lemman, thy contrasted lake.”

I well recall such lines as

“Ye stars which are the poetry of heaven,”

and

“This is in the night, most glorious night,”

impressed me. The impression made by the stanza came back in reality in my excursions on the lake in midsummer.

We were approaching Geneva on one of the lake steamers from Lausanne. Over the dark hills Mont Blanc lifted its billowy form in the crimson sunset; the shadows on the green mountain-sides were darkening. We had passed the gardens and chateau of

Baron Rothschild and the bowery estate where Lord Byron is said to have lived for a time as the guest of some noble family.

On the deck sat a silent, grave-looking man. As Geneva came into view, white, with green roof-gardens, its towers gleaming in the reddening sunset under dark Salève, this man arose and walked to and fro, with an abstracted look on his face.

"He is approaching a spot that is very terrible to him," said a friend to me. My friend was a student in Geneva.

I bent my eyes on the broken old man. He stooped and fixed his eyes on the English garden as if his heart longed for companionship there that he would never know again. It was a disappointed look; he dropped his eyes, his lips quivered. He turned and went into the saloon, and rested his head against some pillows on a long seat.

I looked at him, and noted his white, wrinkled face and his half-closed eyes. There was a helpless expression in his hand as it lay beside him as a thing disused.

"What is the gentleman's history?" I asked of my friend, the student.

"He is not a Genevese," said he. "He came here from America, bringing with him a daughter and a son, who entered the schools.

"The daughter, whose name was Annette, was a joyous, generous, happy-hearted girl. Her presence

carried cheer, and she became the heart of a circle of students such as gather here for special education. She came here to study Swiss kindergarten methods, although the old man said that he did not intend that she should teach, 'except for charity.'

"You would not think to-day that any part of Lake Geneva ever freezes over."

He cast his eyes towards the tree-shaded island where stands Rousseau's statue, and which divides the Rhone and the Arve.

I looked out on the city in the pause he had made.

It was the day of the fête of the schools, and at night the lake would be illuminated; the night scene would be inconceivably beautiful; the lake would be on fire, as it were, with lanterns in boats; already boats with flags and lanterns were multiplying. This would be the night of nights of the year.

"No," said I, answering my friend's question; "it looks now as if it would be endless summer here."

"In cold winters the lake partly freezes," he said, "and forms ice bridges, over which the people pass, and on which they have their merriment in pleasant weather and moonlight evenings.

"But between the stretches of solid ice is thin ice, made so by the swift passing of the undercurrents of the lake. The tide suddenly rises and falls here, and in the courses of the currents the ice wears thin. 'Beware of the ice over the currents,' is a common

caution in the merry sports on the winter borders of the lake.

“ It had been serene weather. The borders of the lake had frozen; the atmosphere had become milder, and the ice over the currents was being worn.

“ The bright winter days and evenings were made joyous by parties who engaged in the sports on the ice.

“ The student party of which Annette had become the life frequented the ice-field late in the afternoons.

“ Several Swiss students said to the American girl, ‘ Beware of the ice over the currents ! ’

“ ‘ Never you mind,’ she answered; ‘ I am safe anywhere; any ice will sustain me. Danger follows those who dream of danger.’

“ The girl delighted in daring. She would cross the forbidden places like a sylph—a form in the air. She was light and graceful, and her adventures raised a storm of cautions, which pleased her in her merry moods. They called her ‘ the American girl,’ which meant that she was venturous; that she could cross thin ice, and feel it bend under her light feet, and escape unharmed.

“ The old man, her father, said to her on the evening of an ice sport: ‘ Be careful, careful, Annette. The Swiss people are wiser than you; they would not warn you of danger, were there none. They are daring, but they do not trust the thin ice over the current. They know the lake better than you.’

“ She kissed him, and said, ‘ Never worry ; there is no danger.’

“ She joined the student party at a house on the landing. Her father followed her.

“ ‘ We will meet here again at eight o’clock,’ she said to the students as they glided away on their skates.

“ ‘ And I will wait for you here,’ said the old man. ‘ The house is warm, and the open doors command a view of the lake. There will be a moon to-night. I like to see the moon come up over the mountains.’

“ He sat down and saw the short twilight fade, and the lights come out in homes along the lake.

“ It had been an unusual day. The air was warm and still. The mellow sunshine had caused the ice to weaken, and beyond the ice fields lay open water and broken ice.

“ The unusually mild air filled the ice-fields with people.

“ The old man watched the merry skaters from the landing-house in the dusk.

“ It used to be said of Annette that she ‘ knew how to carry a feather.’ She wore a long white feather in her hat ; and this could be followed by the eye as it seemed to fly among the merrymakers hither and thither.

“ The old man watched it in the dusk, as it

glided over the firm ice which was outlined by the people.

“It swept out suddenly over the open space of the thin ice, the ice over the current. The people stood still. There went up a shout as the white plume gained the firm ice again.

“It ventured out again on current ice. Then the old man could not see it.

“He rose up and walked to and fro. It was dark now, and the moon like a night sun was glimmering on the white summits of Salève. The lake was alive with people going their swift ways independently.

“He walked to and fro, peering into the far distance to hear the cheers again that should greet the daring of Annette. They did not come.

“The bell struck seven. Some skaters came in, and the old man heard one of them say: ‘Some one has disappeared. The current ice is worn. Something has happened.’

“The old man called after them, ‘Has there been an accident?’

“‘Some one has disappeared. It was seen.’

“‘Was it a man?’

“‘No—a woman.’

“‘A young woman?’

“‘A girl.’

“The old man walked to and fro again.

“The moon filled the lake with splendor.

“The clock struck eight.

“One of the student party came back to the landing-house.

“‘Where is Annette?’ asked the old man. ‘She promised to be here at eight.’

“‘She will join us soon,’ said the student.

“Other students of the party returned to the landing, but Annette did not come.

“But there came another report that some one had disappeared in the current ice, and a voice said, ‘It was the American girl.’

“The old man uttered a cry. The student party rushed back to the lake to look for Annette. A boat was pushed out on the ice to be of use on the current ice, if some one had disappeared.

“Two of the student party besides Annette had not returned to the landing. One of these was her brother, and the other one of the most intimate of her girl friends.

“The brother came at last. He dropped upon the floor of the landing-house, and said, ‘Annette has disappeared—I fear something has happened.’

“The old man uttered another cry, and said, ‘If Annette—if it is Annette who is lost, my heart is dead.’

“He called a Swiss boatman, and the two went out on the ice under the moon amid the glimmering lanterns.

“The old man, the student party, and the Swiss

boatman all met in the landing-house at ten o'clock, and brought with them several skaters who had seen a girl with a white plume glide away from the rest over the current ice into the darkness, and disappear.

"There came with them Annette's intimate friend.

" 'She left me,' said she, 'to make a circuit of the current ice. She did not return, and I was alarmed, and went to call her brother.'

"The boatman went out again with the brother.

"Midnight came, and they returned; but Annette never came back.

"They searched for her body on the shores of the lake, but it was never found. Neither the melting of the ice, nor the tides of the spring, nor the summer's tempests, brought it to land.

"The old man wandered about the city of the watchmakers day after day as one in solitude. He sometimes went to the hill park overlooking the juncture of the Rhone and the Arve, and passed the day among the green trees.

"I met him once there, The clear, green glacial water of the Rhone purifies the earthy water of the Arve as the two rivers unite and flow together; and he said to me on that day, 'The one river purifies the other; it is a parable.'

"And I thought that the life of poor Annette was also a parable, as I left the old man at the bright overlook.

“Society is full of thin ice; there are ways that are safe to all, and ways under which runs the swift tides of danger.

“One may pass over these thin places with swift feet, and not fall or sink—but there is danger. I have thought of *that* parable many times!”

We came to the landing, and the old man left the boat, and went his solitary way.

The excursionists and tourists left the boat, some of them to pass over the current ice of life, some to keep the ways that are safe to all.

Winter is in the air. Beware of the thin ice over the current, on the lake and stream, and follow the ways that are socially safe to all.

CHAPTER XII.

CAPTAIN PIGEON'S STORY.

ON Christmas Eve, Captain Pigeon told a story that pled for the hearts of all the world. It touched the heart of Jack, which from his love of the poor wounded bird which had been given him in his sickness, now began to wish to help every one, and only to be happy in so doing. He could help himself live without sympathy, but not without giving out his own sympathy to others.

A BOX OF NARD.

“Something is the matter over at the old house; the birds are all flying about the room. You must go and see. I think the bird doctor is sick.”

This was the summons that came to me one morning—but I must tell you the whole story.

I owned a house and garden in the decaying part of the town. The place was once elegant and historical, but there were mosses on the gables now, and the shingles had shriveled. The swifts still

came to the old chimneys and the robins to the high elms, and the bent old apple trees, kept in row from the grape-vine arbors to the sea. The place had been beautiful in times faded and gone. It was a kind of Ghetto now; a colony of Jews from Trieste had rented the old homes in the neighborhood, and their children literally filled the street. I had rented the house to one Levi from Trieste. He had a daughter, one of the most beautiful children that I ever saw. He was poor, evidently, and he began a strange business in the mansion.

"If the lady does not object," he said, on renting the house, "I will take a new kind of boarders."

"Who?" I asked in some alarm.

"Birds, if the lady does not object. I did so in Trieste. I doctor birds, and take care of the birds of people who shut up their houses. I am an old man, but I can do that, and Mizpah will help me. Birds love Mizpah."

I had never heard of such an occupation before. Let the old place for a boarding-house for birds, to old Levi! I hesitated. But why not? The caring for pet birds was a kindly employment. Many people were at a loss what to do with their birds during summer vacations. The old trees made the place an ideal hospital, and, from the Jew's benevolent face, I was sure that no one would more carefully or tenderly care for the little messengers of songs and wings than Levi.

"Does the lady object?" A kindly feeling lit up his face, like a bow on a cloud. My heart went out to him.

"No, Levi of Trieste," said I. "But the house must be kept neat."

"Mizpah will keep everything very neat," he said.

Mizpah sat there with luminous eyes full of wonder. She was a girl of some fourteen years.

Levi and Mizpah opened the old house, and placed in a window the simple sign:

CARE TAKEN OF PET BIRDS.

At first Levi had but few boarders; but he caused some sick canaries to recover, and taught a parrot to talk wonderfully while renewing her faded plumage. Gradually he made a reputation as a bird nurse, and in less than a year the lower house was full of birds, some of them pets of rich families who were traveling abroad, and some of them charity patients—the sick birds of the poor.

Mizpah came to see me on little errands. She seemed like an honest girl and I came to love her. One day she said to me:

"Why am I different from other children? Why is my father called a Jew?"

I repeated the old saying, "Blessed is he who blesses a Jew."

"But why should you say that?" she asked.

“Why should you not say ‘Blessed is he who blesses anybody’? You would not remember me on Christmas Day; I would remember you.”

I saw her heart had deep feelings, and I only said: “Christian love includes all.”

I called on Levi one day as he sat amid his birds.

“Friend,” said he, “if I should die, have a little care for Mizpah and the birds. I cannot live many years.”

The birds seemed listening to hear him talk. I could see how some of the little creatures had learned to love him.

One day a messenger came to tell me that there was something wrong in the old house. I went to the place to investigate the matter, and there met an extraordinary scene. I found the house locked in the middle of the morning and the windows were filled with birds flying wildly about, evidently frightened by their new freedom, while children were gathered before the house, looking in at the windows. How had the birds become free? The doors were locked, and the house was silent. I knew the place well, and so went to the shelving cellar doors, opened them, descended into the cellar, and ascended the stairs, at the top of which the door was open.

I found Levi lying on the floor. The old man's eyes were closed, the small part of his face that his patriarchal beard did not cover was very white. I spoke to him; he did not answer; he was dead.

I reasoned that he had opened the many cages to set the birds free for an hour, and that the excitement of caging them had caused some rupture of the heart, or that some sudden news might have brought on paralysis. Mizpah was not there. This seemed strange, for I had thought her to be a faithful girl. I called the police and laid the matter before them. They found that Mizpah had been sent to spend some days with another family from Trieste, that this family had been arrested for receiving stolen goods, and that she had been arrested with them and taken to a Reformatory.

The funeral of one almost without friends is a very simple thing, and the sad scene was soon over.

The distressing event would have soon passed from my experience, had there not been left on my hands the sick birds of the poor. I gave the old place over to a teacher for a garden for the Jewish children who had been compelled to play in hot weather on the brick sidewalks in the unshaded streets. Then I went to visit Mizpah in the Reformatory of a neighboring town. The prison was like a palace, surrounded by woods and green meadows. I was taken at once to a private room, full of books, pictures and birds. Mizpah was sent to me. She looked more beautiful than ever. Her dark eyes filled with tears as she met mine, her olive complexion flushed.

“I never thought that you would find me here.

When did you see father last? Poor father, poor father! I had a home in his heart, and his heart must have broken when I did not come back——”

“Mizpah, your father is dead,” I said.

“Dead—O God!” she cried, bursting into tears. Then she added, “You do pity me, don’t you? You may not believe me, but it is not in my heart or blood to steal, nor to hide stolen things for others. But I was frightened and knew not what to do. When they came upon us, I strove to hide the things to save my friends. I did wrong and I told the lawyer all. He said that there was nothing left for me but to plead guilty. And I am here, and my poor father is dead in the fields.”

She covered her face with her hands, and sobbed biterly. Then she suddenly asked:

“What led you to come to me here?”

“Christ.”

“He led you to come to me? I wish I could believe in Him as you do, if He really led you to come to me.”

I talked with her long and earnestly. I knew not whether she had really told me the truth or not about the taking of the things, but I try to believe the best of every one.

I did not see her again at the Reformatory; circumstances prevented. I heard afterward that after she had completed her term a wealthy family became interested in her and adopted her.

Some years passed. I received an invitation to a wedding; it was that of the young Jewess. She was to be married to a man of high-standing. I felt uneasy. Had the beautiful girl deceived him, or was she guilty of what had been laid at her door? I determined to see her.

A princess could hardly have received me with more grace, and her whole conduct had an atmosphere of perfect sincerity.

"Mizpah," said I, "does the man you are to marry know all the past?"

"All; all of my life and heart," she replied.

Still my conscience was not at rest.

"He knows that you are a Jewess?" I asked.

"He has long known that."

"He knows that your father was very poor?"

"Yes, I told him that—and about the birds, and the old house amid the trees."

I was coming to a question from which I shrank.

"And does he know that you once lived at the Reformatory?" The words came hard.

"He is the lawyer to whom I confided everything," she replied.

The true character of my friend rose into clear light now. I reproached myself for lack of confidence and hard questions, and I gave her the heartiest of congratulations and told her I trusted her future would be brighter than her past.

Mizpah married, and went as mistress to a lovely

home. She had many friends. But life has changed with me. I live in the autumn of my years.

One Christmas when the world was white with snow the bell rang. A package was left for me. I sat down by the fire to open it. There was a box in the package—a white box and very beautiful. I took the cover from the box. There was a note under the cover.

“MY DEAR FRIEND.—A Jewess may not be expected to remember the birth of Christ. But I am glad that He was born—and it was you that told me first of the love of Christ. I send you a remembrance to speak to you to-day from my heart. It is a box of nard. Unseal the second cover, and you will find a parable of what Christ's life now is to me. You led me into the light. MIZPAH.”

“A box of nard!” I thought. “What is a box of nard?” I lifted a silver cover. A perfume arose like a purple cloud, sweet as the memories of blessed deeds. It filled the room; it fastened itself everywhere. I closed the box, and put it aside with tears. But the perfume lingered. The flowers in the room seemed to have breathed it in; the curtains hung with it; it was more subtle than anything that I ever met—it seemed like an odor of memory, an odor of joy, an odor of promise. But it was as nothing to the joy that filled my heart at the thought that I had served another.

So runs the story told me by an old woman at the end of a beautiful life. The story is essentially true, though I have but given the leading incidents.

The poet followed good Captain Pigeon with a London story, which was in substance a true one. It was called:

THE CHILD'S FEET ON THE BRIDGE.

“’TIS SYMPATHY THAT SAVES.”

I.

’Tis London old, a vanished day,
And o’er Westminster Bridge, where gray
The fog has rolled the long hours through,
The lamps burn white, the lamps burn red,
My lady flies from Huckster Place,
Her eyes are fixed, and, cold her face,
Peers through the night-fall like the dead.
A happy bread boy passes by,
A jolting tray upon his head;
“A penny for a loaf of bread!”
My Lady hears the cheerful cry,
And lifts her thin white hands as mad;
Once better days my lady knew:
“Four farthings make a penny, lad;
I have but two, I have but two.
O God, I have but two!”

II.

All fire and mist Trafalgar Square
Loomed o'er the bridge, and blazed afar
The Abbey with its golden glooms,
Its altar lighted with a Star.
St. Martin's bells hung high in air
In darkest chambers of the night:
She heard the hurrying to and fro,
She heard afar the bells of Bow,
She heard the evening calls to prayer,
She saw the towers their lanterns light,
And to the Bridge My Lady came,
And stood beneath the torches' flame,
To see the happy faces pass
With Christmas gifts! Alas, alas,
Each holly was to her a yew!
She dwells upon the voice that said,
"Four farthings for a loaf of bread,
A penny for a loaf of bread!"
A ha'penny was all she had.
"Four farthings make a penny, lad.
I have but two, I have but two.
God pity me, I have but two!"

III.

'Twas Christmas Eve, the tide ran low.
She heard it beat beneath the feet

Of hurrying crowds from either street,
The crowds that come, the crowds that go,
And vanish like the South wind's snow.
She gazed down the abyss, but heard
Nor sound of oar, nor boatman's word:
No star was there, no lamplight's ray:
There black the tide rolled on its way,
"Good-by, sweet life, good-by," said she,
"This world has nothin' more for me,
This world is nothing more to me,
The tide is coming in from sea,
And I will go and meet the tide,
And let its waters cover me!"
Down from the hurrying crowds alone,
My Lady climbs, alone, alone,
And finds beneath the bridge a stone
And sits upon the low tide's stone,
And wider yet the darkness grew,
She heard the echoing voice that said
"A penny for a loaf of bread!"
And whispered to the winds that blew
"Four farthings make a penny, lad,
God pity me, I have but two!"

IV.

She heard the hurrying steps go on,
Into the night, into the night,
But fewer grew the feet at last,
And faster, faster rippled past

The black cold tide; and there Big Ben
She heard strike deep the hour of ten,
And then eleven strokes, and then
The footsteps almost ceased, and still
Became the night, like Martyr's Hill.
The tide was rising: lo, afar,
The lifting fog revealed a star
That on the cloud a white light threw.
The tide was rising: steps were few.
She bowed her head, and only said—
“A pennv for a loaf of bread.
Four farthings make a penny, but
God pity me—I have but two!
God pity all that have but two!”

V.

The tide is rising fast, and swells,
And it is near the midnight hour.
The old bell-ringer seeks the bells
Of gray St. Martin's-in-the-Fields
To ring for earth the Christmas chimes,
As he has done for other times,
And mighty is the power he wields.
The Bow Bells wait, and many a tower
Stands listening for the midnight hour,
When to the Bridge two shadows came,
A crying child, a mother thin,
Who holds the child's thin hand within
Her own starved hand, and hurries on.

“I’m hungry, mother, give me bread.”
My Lady heard the child o’erhead,
And heard the mother’s voice that said
“To-morrow will be Christmas morn!”
“O mother, mother, give me bread.
I am so hungry *now* ;” but plead
The child in vain, that hunger led,
The mother only sobbed and said—
“I’m hungry, too: a ha’penny
Is all I have for you and me,
And your sick father. Pity me,
O God in heaven, pity me.
Does any mortal hear my cry:
Come pity me, or I shall die.
O Earth, O Heaven, pity me!”

VI.

My Lady heard the midnight cry,
Awoke the mother in her breast.
“A ha’penny,” she said, “Ah me,
I’ll give her *my* ha’penny,
The mindful of the poor are blest,
And then I’ll hurry back and die.
Four farthings make a penny, and
A penny buys a loaf of bread,
That she shall eat when I am dead.”
She climbed the bank. She called, “Come
back!
I’ve too, a ha’penny,” cried she.

" 'Tis all I have, good woman, all,
And all I have I give to thee,
I cannot hear thy poor child cry."
The mother raised to Heaven her eye,
The star was shining in the sky,
And fell upon the waters black,
" God bless you, Lady,—Heaven seems nigh,
May thy name, Lady, never die! "

VII.

My Lady stood and saw the star
Deep mirrored in the wave: afar
The Bow Bells trembled in the air,
Then Big Ben struck the midnight hour
And music filled St. Martin's tower,
And all the atmosphere grew bright
As soft winds rent the clouds of night,
The happy mother hurried on,
And left my Lady there alone
In the first music of the morn.
She heard the river's undertone,
She heard the waking world, and said,
" Four farthings for a loaf of bread,
And she has four and I have none! "

VIII.

My Lady's thoughts were of the boy,
My Lady's heart thrilled full of joy,

The mighty Bridge the high tide laved,
The full stars in the waters shone
And there My Lady stood alone,
And said, "O Christ, I, too, am saved!"

IX.

Who feeds the hungry shall be fed,
Division multiplies the bread,
And he the most to life who gives
From life the noblest gifts receives.
My Lady saw the mellowed morn
Rise red o'er old St. Paul's, upon
The ringing spires, the singing domes,
The happy wilderness of homes,
The windows green beneath the snows,
The doorways green with mistletoes,
And some heart by the Christ child led,
For her a Christmas table spread,
The two times two we give is more
Than two times two we hold in store.

X.

A new world oped to her; she heard
Hope singing in each song of bird,
The hedge-rows bloomed in blissful air,
The cherry red, and white the pear,
The street cries in the balmy June
To her became the heart's own tune,

The cries of "Troope, Troope, every one,"
The merry call of "Buy a broom,"
Of "Cherry Ripe," "Sweet lavender,"
Of "Flowers a-growing and a-blowing,"
The carter's shout at rising sun,
The huckster's voice from morn till noon,
And all was music unto her.
In them she heard life's deep waves, flowing,
And all she learned from life she turned
With voice melodious into art,
And to her glorious soul was given
As an immortal gift from Heaven
The power to speak, the power to sing,
The power to cheer the hapless king,
The power to utter London's heart.

XI.

My Lady lived: praised by the throne,
Her genius like the night star shone.
And once again the Bridge she passed,
When she had won the world in fame
And rang the city with her name.
She heard the sobbing of the waves
And said as there her eyes she cast,
"My friends, 'tis sympathy that saves,
All that I am to that is due:
Four farthings make a penny; and
I gave a child my two!"

XII.

“ Self-sacrifice is never lost
But proves its own and true reward;
He who to others gives the most
Shall have the most from men and God.
And he who seeks another's needs
Sows in his soul the blessed seeds
That blossom in immortal deeds;
'Tis Sympathy that Saves.”

Riddles can be made to preach and teach as well as to amuse. On Christmas night the sailors and their friends were promised a novel entertainment. We must tell you of it, for it belonged to the story-telling methods of happy influences.

Jack was getting well now.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE RHYMING RIDDLER.

IN early New England days people used to sit on red settles evenings and tell riddles. They sometimes made lively the riddling by throwing fagots into the fire to make the sparks fly. Sometimes they burned powder candles, or candles in which had been dropped a quill of powder. They watched the candle burn on such merry evenings, and the explosion caused great excitement.

Sailors were fond of riddles, and that sailor was regarded as good company who had many riddles to tell.

Such a sailor was one who bore the name of the "Rhyming Riddler," one of those poets of the ships that have now passed away with the wooden ships themselves.

Of a ship he would say:

"I hie me oft to foreign parts,
My body holds an hundred hearts,
I plough, I plunge, I slide, I glide,
And when I'm not in haste I *ride*."

Christmas night was a still cold evening, the moon hung over a steel-like sea, and the fire drew most people indoors from the cold. The Rhyming Riddler sat down on the settle after the old way. Father Taylor himself sat down by the fire to read and to rest.

“I have a new riddle for you to-night,” said the Rhyming Riddler, “and it will be ten o’clock before any of you guess it. Come now, put your thinking caps on; here it flows—

“‘A sailor launched a ship of force,
A cargo put therein of course,
No goods had he he wished to sell,
Each wind did serve his turn as well.
No pirate dreaded, to no harbor bound,
His strongest wish that he *might run aground.*’

“Who was that, captain? Father Taylor, you ought to know.”

“Say it again!” said Father Taylor.

The sailor repeated the riddle.

Father Taylor thought, and threw fagots on to the fire which raised little volcanoes of sparks, but the good man could not divine who that captain could have been, who was bound for no port, and wished to “run aground.”

Nine o’clock came and no one had suggested the name of such a captain as had been described.

“I have a riddle,” said another poet of the sea,

“and when you guess mine, I will be about able to tell you yours. So here it flows:

“ ‘ Adam, God made out of dust,
But thought it best to make me first—
So I was made before the man,
To answer His most holy plan—
My body He did make complete,
But without arms, or legs, or feet—
My ways and actions did control,
But to my body gave no soul—
A living being I became,
And Adam gave to me a name.
I from his presence then withdrew
And more of Adam never knew,
I did my Maker's law obey,
Nor from it ever went astray.
Thousands of miles I go in fear
But never on the earth appear.
For purpose wise, which God did see,
He put a living soul in me,
And when from me that soul had fled,
I was the same as when first made,
And without hands or feet or soul,
I travel on from pole to pole—
I labor hard by day and night,
To fallen man I give great light,
Thousands of people, young and old,
Do by my death great light behold,

Nor right or wrong can I conceive,
The Scriptures I cannot believe,
Although my name therein is found
They are to me as empty sound—
No fear of death doth trouble me,
Real happiness I ne'er shall see—
To heaven above I ne'er shall go,
Nor to the grave, nor hell below.
Now when these lines you closely read
Go search your Bible with all speed,
For that my name's recorded there
I honestly to you declare.' ”

The answer to the first riddle was *Noah*; to the last a *whale*, which included the story of Jonah.

Captain Pigeon had a riddle to tell—it included the whole outline of the ancient and a part of modern Hebrew History.

1. A *kid*, a *kid*, my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A *kid*, a *kid*.
2. Then came *the cat*, and ate the *kid*,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A *kid*, a *kid*.
3. Then came *the dog*, and bit the *cat*,
That ate the *kid*,

That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

4. Then came *the staff*, and beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

5. Then came *the fire*, and burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

6. Then came *the water*, and quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

7. Then came *the ox*, and drank the water,
That quenched the fire,

That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

8. Then came *the butcher*, and slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

9. Then came *the angel of death*, and killed the
butcher,
That slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought

For two pieces of money:

A kid, a kid.

10. Then came *the Holy One*, blessed be he!

And killed the angel of death,

That killed the butcher,

That slew the ox,

That drank the water,

That quenched the fire,

That burned the staff,

That beat the dog,

That bit the cat,

That ate the kid,

That my father bought

For two pieces of money:

A kid, a kid.

The following is the interpretation:

“ 1. The kid, which was one of the pure animals, denotes the Hebrews. The father, by whom it was purchased, is Jehovah, who represents himself as sustaining this relation to the Hebrew nation. The two pieces of money signify Moses and Aaron, through whose mediation the Hebrews were brought out of Egypt.

“ 2. The cat denotes the Assyrians, by whom the ten tribes were carried into captivity.

“ 3. The dog is symbolical of the Babylonians.

“ 4. The staff signifies the Persians.

“ 5. The fire indicates the Grecian Empire under Alexander the Great.

“ 6. The water betokens the Roman, or the fourth of the great monarchies to whose dominions the Jews were subjected.

“ 7. The ox is a symbol of the Saracens, who subdued Palestine, and brought it under the caliphate.

“ 8. The butcher that killed the ox denotes the crusaders, by whom the Holy Land was wrested out of the hands of the Saracens.

“ 9. The angel of death signifies the Turkish power, by which the land of Palestine was taken from the Franks, and to which it is still subject.

“ 10. The commencement of the tenth stanza is designed to show that God will take signal vengeance on the Turks, immediately after whose overthrow the Jews are to be restored to their own land, and live under the government of their long-expected Messiah.”

CHAPTER XIV.

JACK'S KINDERGARTEN CHRISTMAS.—PRESENTS MADE OF SHELLS.—AN EXTRAORDINARY GIFT.—THE QUEER BRAKEMAN.

FRAU SUSANNE had told Jack that in certain Swiss and German towns, the children made presents to their parents, teachers and the children, instead of expecting them from others.

“The principle is this,” said the good woman, “that there is greater joy in giving than in receiving. Giving makes the soul grow. Always give your life to what makes the soul grow, Jack, and you will find this world just the best place that could have been made. The creation is not finished yet, and we should help it on.”

Frau Susanne cherished this pleasing philosophy, and Jack saw what she said was true. She came in one day before Christmas to see Jack at the close of his Jewish school.

“Why not have a kindergarten Christmas here, Jack?” she said. “I mean for your little schools.”

“Frau Susanne, we’ve nothing to give.”

"Nothing, Jack, my boy," said a Jewish sailor, present. "I've a barrel of oranges on the ship that I brought from the Spanish main. I'll give the oranges to you, Jack, and you shall let the boys and girls have them to make their parents and teachers happy after the Swiss plan."

Jack talked of the matter in the Home.

An old farmer from Salem was present, hugging the fire.

"I will send you a barrel of apples, Jack, to go with the oranges which the Jew promised. I never made a Christmas present before in my life, not of that size, but that idea fetches me. I like the plan of giving everything and receiving nothing."

A good workwoman, Nora, was present.

"And I'll see to mittens for the sailors who are about to put forth into the winter weather. You hold the yarn, Jack, and I will wind it into balls. I can make the knitting needles fly, like a spry young girl. I like the idea of giving everything on Christmas and receiving nothing. My life has been that kind of Christmas."

They told Mother Taylor of this new kind of Christmas, in which every one should give, and no one receive, and all those who gave should be made happy.

"And all that receive will be left," said the great hearted woman, "then I'll give the little I've got. A queer Christmas it will be."

Jack announced his new kind of Christmas, in which all were to give and none to receive. The sailors received the plan in a very merry mood, and each found something in his sea chest that he could spare for such an occasion of universal good will.

The children of the school caught Jack's spirit, and they formed a plan to make presents to the people connected with the Port Society. What should the presents be—what could they make out of nothing?

They went to Mother Taylor.

"What could we get to make presents of?" they asked.

"Something that costs nothing."

"Something that costs nothing would be no presents at all," said the wise woman. "But there are some things that you can find for presents that you never thought of. They are wonderful pretty—but they will cost you time and trouble, and you will have to use your wits to put surprise into them."

"What are they?" the children asked eagerly.

"Shells."

Here was new light indeed.

"Shells sing of the sea," she said. "Periwinkle shells do—such shells make the landmen think of the sailors in the storm."

Mother Taylor had touched the right chord of a new joy of Christmas.

The school went shell gathering. The boys and

girls were all alive to the effort, to give something to their benefactors this year. They gathered barrels of shells which bestrewed the coast.

They made boxes of them; measuring sticks; strings of beads. They glued many shells that were inlaid with pearl on to boards for scones for the candles on Christmas night. The room should blaze like pearl. They made picture frames of shells, candlesticks, workboxes, measuring rules, and many fantastic ornaments. One boy made a clock case.

If ever there was a happy school it was that.

The boys and girls met evening after evening to make their ornaments.

One evening an old sailor came in to see them "making things." When he saw some boys polishing shells that would sing of the sea, his heart was touched.

"I'll do you two to that," he exclaimed. "I've got a peck of Black-Eyed Susans, and you may have them all. Put them in your shell work."

He saw that the girls were making shell flowers.

"I'll tell you what it is now, girls," said he, "I'll give the Black-Eyed Susans to you, and you may let the boys have them or not, just as you like."

Other sailors came in to see what Jack's boys and girls were "doing." Some of them gave them conch shells which could be blown after the manner of a dinner horn to call "work folks" in from the field. Many brought corals, some fan-corals.

The sailors all became interested in the Christmas that was to be given. Some of them contributed things that they had made with jack-knives at sea. The room was filled with presents for Father and Mother Taylor, the kindergarteners, and the kindly folk of the Port Society.

A week before Christmas a lively second mate of a well-known ship, who had made many voyages at sea, said—

“Jack, I’ve seen what you are up to—and it is right good—I like the spirit of it. Now keep still—mum’s the word. I am going to make you a present on Christmas night, that will open your eyes wider than they were ever before.”

“Not me—the Society.”

“No, you, Jack.”

“That would be receiving.”

“No, that would be giving on my part. I can’t give unless I have a receiver. And you could never guess what it is, Jack. It came to me on the sea. It will turn into gold in any port.”

Jack’s mind was filled with wonder, but he looked into the sailor’s face silently.

“It came drifting to me on the water, Jack—gold, or as good as gold. It is like a garden of spices—or wild wood roses, or musk, or nard. The magi brought to Bethlehem a box of nard—didn’t they, Jack? Maybe I’ll remember you in that way. Don’t mention what I have been saying.”

The spirit of Christmas grew. When the Port Society heard what the young people were doing, they, too, saw that it would make them happy to be generous this year. So they began to collect clothing, and to make cakes which contained many plums instead of a few.

The rooms at Frau Susanne's filled with gifts; every one was going to give this year; no one thought of receiving.

The Christmas night came. The rooms glowed like pearl. Generous people came from all the churches. Some of the fine people of old Boston Society were there.

Jack distributed the presents. All gave and none received, that is none received in the spirit of receiving.

The sailors sang their merry songs. One of them sang "Black-Eyed Susan."

Then old mate Gray, of whom we have spoken, rose up and rubbed his head.

"I think," said he, "that Jack ought to be remembered. He is a right ready boy, and his heart all goes out of him, like the something that you cannot see in the alabaster box. See what I've brought him—he ought to have it now—you young folks don't know what it is—I've been keeping it long for some one—the best heart that I could find. That's Jack's."

There went up a great shout. The people saw the mate lifting a box in his hand.

He held it up, and opened the cover. Odor filled the room.

"There," he said, "if you can find a port where that lump will fetch less than a hundred dollars, bring it back to me."

The old sailors shouted, but the young people and guests could not at first make out what it was that so perfumed the air, or caused the atmosphere to be come like a blooming garden.

"Attar of roses," shouted a boy.

"No, no, my lad. You will have to guess again."
The wonder grew.

"Those who know don't tell," said the mate. "It comes from a mine in the ocean—a living mine, and only one man who went down into that mine ever came back again."

The atmosphere grew heavy with the delightful odor.

Jack's eyes brightened.

"I know," he answered. "It is the ambergris."

"That's you, Jack, and it is your'n, and I never felt happier on any Christmas night than now. I'm so happy that I didn't want anything for myself."

These were days of Sunday-school libraries and music books. Jack had few books.

"Never you mind," said Frau Susanne. "A story told by the human voice is often better than one that is read, and there are people who can sing out of the heart from memory. I will sing you a

carol, Jack, on occasion, and I can get others to sing the hymns that have helped them most."

Jack remembered Frau Susanne's encouraging promise.

After the Christmas exercises, Jack desired to have a story, and some poetry and music. There were seafaring people present who had heard of the stories that were told in the Mariners' Home, which was a Holiday Home.

There was a happy-hearted servant of all work in the Mariners' Home, called Scottish Nora, of whom we have spoken. When she told stories the clock stood still, or the hour seemed to do so. As she was somewhat self-willed, she had many stories to tell; such people do.

As Christmas approached she was led to promise Jack that she would relate some story, "out of her own life," by the driftwood fire.

She was a widow now, a hard-working domestic, and as faithful as she was industrious. She had a true heart, and a brisk, merry way of talking.

She was present at this new order of Christmas, with the mittens that she had knit of the yarn Jack had held for her to wind.

The poet, too, was there. "My friends," said Jack, "no Christmas is perfect without a story, and some of us have heard the stories told by our good friend, Mrs. Knox—Scottish Nora—who has given us ten pairs of mittens. She promised me that she

would tell her story some day. This is that day."

Scottish Nora, who was getting to be an elderly woman, now bobbed her cap border with surprise. But her heart was too kind to disappoint the people.

So she said—"I will tell you a story of a Christmas gift that once made me heart perfectly happy."

SCOTTISH NORA'S STORY OF THE QUEER BRAKEMAN
AND HIS CAROL WITH A HAMMER.

Nora began her story in the following way:

"It all happened on the anniversary day of our wedding. I would put my opinion against the world then, that headstrong I was. We had been married two years—Jamie and I. We had had no wedding journey. So we thought we would celebrate the occasion by a journey to New York.

"I said to him on that day—to Jamie, I mean—he has long gone now—it was good to me always that he was—I said to him in the depot,—

"‘Get the tickets, Jamie.’ He left me and came back with two long tickets, that looked like Christmas cards.

"There was a queer man who was at work about the cars. He did not seem to me then to have any sense at all. He asked us where we were going, impertinent like.

"‘To New York,’ said I.

"‘In this car?’

“ ‘ Yes, in this car.’

“ ‘ It is a short journey that this car makes. Can’t you read?’ asked he.

“ ‘ I am Nora Knox,’ said I.

“ ‘ You be?’ said the brakeman. ‘ Well one pebble on the shore is the same as another.’

“ ‘ An’ I’ve been so two years.’

“ ‘ Do you mean that you are but two years old?’ asked he.

“ ‘ Oh! do I hear my own ears? Two years old? No, I mean that I am two years married, an’ we are on our weddin’ journey, an’ it is an impudent man that ye are to be askin’ me if I can read. What does that concern ye? Sir, I will report ye to the conductor.’

“ ‘ You will? Not oversoon. This car conducts itself. I sleep here nights. In this car the earth stands still.’

“ ‘ Sir, when does this car stop?’

“ ‘ Stop? It is stopped now.’

“ ‘ No, we are going—going like the wind, a-rushin’ an’ a-roarin’, an’ ye a brakeman an’ don’t know your own business, or when a car is goin’ or stoppin’. What is your head for?’

“ I looked out of the car window into the dark. Cars were passing, which made it seem that the car I was in was in very rapid motion. I could seem to feel the car flying toward New York.

“ ‘ Now, my good woman, whoever you may be,’

said the brakeman, 'I wish you well. This is a time when everybody wishes everybody well. I want you to tell me where you are bound to, and I am the man that can give you the advice you need. Where are you going?'

" 'Nowhere, sir,' said I, indignant.

" 'Well, all that I can say is that this is the car that will take you there.' He added, 'Well, I'll not report you, seeing it is Christmas-time.'

" Jamie seemed a little confused and asked:

" 'At what time do we get there?'

" 'You are *there* now.'

" 'Nora, don't talk any more,' said Jamie. 'You are excited. The man means well, but he don't know. Good-by,' said he, as a gentle hint to the grinning brakeman.

" The man took off his hat and bowed, and said, 'May your journey be a prosperous one. I hope that you will not meet with any accidents. I'll sound the wheels as I go along.' He went out into the darkness. Presently a wheel under the car was heard to ring, and a loud voice said, 'The ring of the wheel is true!' Then another wheel sounded out like a bell, 'The ring of the wheel is true!' and soon far away in the car-yard a retreating voice broke upon the air:

" 'The ring of the wheel is true!

The ring of the wheel is true!

And all is well; may the morning bell
Bring a Christmas merry to you.'

“ ‘He is singing a carol,’ said I. ‘He made it up himself. He played it on the wheels.’

“ ‘And it don’t seem as though we were moving,’ said Jamie. ‘It all sounds hollow outside.’

“ A train swept past with flashing lights.

“ ‘Yes, it’s a-moving fast enough we are,’ said I. ‘This must be an express-train. It don’t stop anywhere.’

“ ‘That’s so—you are right there,’ said the brakeman, who was returning from some night duty. ‘It don’t stop anywhere.’ He banged the door, which he had very slightly opened, and taking a can of oil from a place near the front seat, he went out, knocking upon the car-wheel with his hammer and singing:

“ ‘The ring of the wheel is true !

The ring of the wheel is true !

And all is well ; may the morning bell

Bring a Christmas merry to you.’

“ ‘I tell you, Nora,’ said Jamie, ‘it sounds all hollow outside. How does that same brakeman keep along with us ? He must be traveling in the baggage car. But I haven’t heard the train stop, have you ?’

“ ‘No, Jamie, for sure.’

“ ‘No, and there are no passengers getting on and off, and the conductor hasn’t been around once to punch our tickets. We must be past South Framingham by this time, and we shall come to a stop in Worcester without fail.’

“ ‘ Nora, darling,’ said Jamie, ‘ if you will not be offended, I have a suggestion-like for you. I’ll put it mild, Nora dear. Do you think you was quite civil, yourself, to that man, the brakeman ? ’

“ ‘ Hoot ! Jamie, an’ didn’t he ask me if I *could* read ? No gentleman would ha’ put to us such a question as that. He as much as asked me if I was ignorant. Now, there are some things that no human woman can stand, an’ me great-aunt was a lady, an’ the wife of a knight.’

“ ‘ Yes, Nora ; but the man spoke in a kindly tone at first, as though he had something more to say. Perhaps he had some good word for us in his heart ; not many men have unkindness in their hearts in the days of the evergreens. You wouldn’t have spoken thus sharp to me, if I had asked you such a question, would you, Nora ? ’

“ ‘ No, Jamie ; never, never ! An’ I will never speak uncivil again to anybody. But it hurt me to be treated as ignorant with all my fine clothes on. There comes that brakeman again. How does it happen that he is out there ? The cars must have stopped.’

“ The brakeman looked in at the door.

“ ‘ You are still on your journey, I see,’ said he.

“ ‘ How near are we to Worcester ? ’ asked Jamie.

“ ‘ Worcester ? ’

“ ‘ Yes ; where is this car going ? ’ said Jamie.

“ ‘ Nowhere ; you said that was where you wanted to go. You’ll get there, sure.’

“ ‘Now, my good man,’ said Jamie, ‘Nora is sorry that she spoke to you in that way. She’ll never speak that way any more to you. What time will this train arrive in New York?’ ”

“ ‘This train! this train! There ain’t no train.’ ”

“ The brakeman went out again, whistling.

“ ‘He must ha’ been drinkin’ a drop too much,’ said I. ‘The Lord forgive me if I am uncharitable.’ ”

“ All was still. The sky was cold and clear. The many footfalls lessened; people fewer and fewer were vanishing into the night. Now and then a car-wheel rang out as it was struck by the hammer of the brakeman.

“ A woman and a little girl came into the car. They stopped at the stove. They were poorly dressed, and the woman seemed to be afraid. They stood by the stove silently for a time, and then sat down near it, and locked themselves in each other’s arms, and the woman began at intervals to sob, while the girl fell asleep. The sob touched my heart.

“ ‘It’s some mother in distress,’ said I to Jamie. ‘I can’t stand that; I must go to her.’ ”

“ The woman looked up to me in surprise. Sympathy had not come to her often.

“ ‘My good woman,’ said I, ‘where are you going?’ ”

“ ‘To New York,’ said the woman. ‘But I’ll have to wait until morning. I am in trouble, and my heart aches so that we came out of the waiting-

room into here. This will be a hard Christmas for us. My husband went to New York to look for work, and he fell sick there, and they have taken him to the hospital. It is pneumonia, and he is bad, and they have sent for us. We shall have only just money enough to buy our tickets, and heaven only knows what we will do when we get there. We are no beggars; we have all done the best we could. It will be a sorry Christmas for us.'

" 'Let me take your hand,' said I.

" 'Don't mind me; it eases my heart to cry. Oh, were there only such a thing as help in this world—help from anywhere! The joy everywhere seems to mock us. If husband were to die, I would want to die, but for her,' and she drew the child close to her bosom, and pressed her lips against her forehead. 'The children of the poor are as dear as others,' she said, 'and it hurts me so to see my child neglected, and half clothed and fed, when all the world seems so full of the joy of living.'

" A bell rang out on the air. Jamie started up. Now all the heavens seemed ringing. What were the bells saying?

" 'O come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
Come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem!
Come and adore Him,
Born the King of angels.'

" The woman's looks changed. Her face was uplifted, and she sang with the ringing of the chimes:

“ ‘ *Venite adoramus!*
Venite adoramus!
Domine! ’

“ ‘ Nora,’ said Jamie.

“ ‘ Yes, Jamie.’

“ ‘ Did ye hear the chimes? They sound like the Arlington Street church chimes in Boston at midnight. This is not Worcester; this is not Springfield. I would almost think that we were still in the car-yard right opposite Arlington Street church, in Boston.’

“ ‘ Oh, Jamie! an’ I would that we were! I don’t want any weddin’ journey.’

“ ‘ Why not, Nora? ’

“ ‘ I only want one thing to make me perfectly happy.’

“ ‘ What is that, Nora? ’

“ ‘ I only want to give our tickets to New York to this poor woman an’ this little girl. It would make my heart leap an’ dance if I could only do that! ’

“ ‘ And what is to hinder? ’ said the brakeman, who had now appeared at the door.

“ ‘ The conductor,’ said I.

“ ‘ There isn’t any.’

“ ‘ If I could give these distressed people our tickets, an’ just go back, to-morrow would be a Christmas in my heart! ’ said I.

“ The brakeman came back. He held up his lantern. In his hand was a wreath of creeping-jenny

and colored immortelles. 'See,' he said, 'that is for my little girl. Her mother is dead. I don't go home until morning; I sleep here. Listen!'

"What were the chimes saying now?"

"When marshaled on the nightly plain,"

"How the bells broke on the keen air, bringing to memory the old hymn words:

"Hark! hark to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem!
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem."

"My good man," said Jamie to the brakeman, 'what did you mean when you asked us if we could read?'

"Come outside, you and your wife, and I will show you. It will be a good lesson to you."

"We stepped out of the car onto a very empty platform; around us was silence and shadows. The stars were gleaming in the sky, and there were but few echoes of feet in the streets and squares. The brakeman held up his lantern, and said, 'Read that board.'"

"The board was hung from the side of the car in which we had been sitting."

"I strained my eyes, and the brakeman almost hung his lantern close to the board, in the shadows."

"What does it say?" asked the brakeman.

"I read aloud, '*This car don't go.*'"

"I threw up my arms, and asked, 'Brakeman, oh, brakeman, where are we?'

"'You are in Boston, just there, and nowhere else.'

"'But where have we been traveling all night, that is what I would like to know—where have we been?'

"'In your imagination.'

"'Haven't we been out of Boston at all?'

"'No, only when your mind has been in the air; it requires no ticket to travel there.'

"'But, my friend, I *saw* the car goin'!'

"'You saw other cars passing by; it caused the illusion.'

"'Haven't we started?'

"'No.'

"'And now we will do it,' said I, in a happy tone.

"'Do what, Nora dear?' asked Jamie.

"'Give a Christmas present to the poor woman and child in the car that will make us have a joyful morning, without any need of any one wishing us to be merry.'

"'And what will the present be, Nora dear?'

"'Our tickets to New York.'

"'And not go ourselves?'

"'We've been. I've had my weddin' journey, and I am after being satisfied. You said you were going to New York on a weddin' journey to please me, bless your heart. Well, we've been, and got back

to Boston; anyhow, we are here, safe and sound, and I will be perfectly happy if I relieve this poor woman in her distress.'

" ' You are a jewel, Nora. Here is my ticket. Give it to the woman for a Christmas card.'

" I put the two tickets into the hand of the woman. The brakeman caught the spirit of the act, and said:

" ' Here, I will add a dollar out of my own earnings,' and he put the money into the woman's lap, and went out into the night whistling.

" There was a ringing of car-wheels; bells of wheels as it were, and the tones echoed farther and farther away along the car-yard, and a voice was heard singing a made-up tune:

" ' The ring of the wheel is true !
The ring of the wheel is true !
All, all is well ; may the morning bell
Bring a Christmas merry to you !'

" It was the brakeman's Christmas carol."

" Those Christmas cards that we gave to the poor woman made for me the happiest Christmas of my life. Is that a kindergarten story ? "

" Yes, Nora," said Frau Susanne. " That is a true kindergarten Christmas story."

Jack now turned to the poet for a story.

The so-called poet read one of his ballads, in his own way. He asked the children to watch for the

refrain, and to repeat it whenever he raised his finger. It was a touching story that he had to read in this way, which held the attention of all, the repetition of the refrain by the children adding to the interest of the recitation. It is sometimes well to read lbalads in this way.

THE LOST FISHERMAN IN CHALEUR BAY.

The birds no more in door-yard trees are singing,
The purple swallows have left the eaves,
And, thwart the sky, the broken clouds are winging,
Shading the landslopes bright with harvest sheaves.
Old Hannah waits her sailor-boy's returning,
His fair young brow to-day she hopes to bless;
But sees the red sun on the hill-tops burning,
The flying cloud, the wild, cold gloominess
Of Chaleur Bay.

Five strikes the clock.

The silver crown has touched her forehead lightly
Since last his hand was laid upon her hair;
The golden crown will touch her brow more brightly
Ere he again shall print his kisses there.
The night comes on, the village sinks in slumber,
The rounded moon illumes the water's rim;
Each evening hour she hears the old clock number,
But brings the evening no return of him
To Chaleur Bay.

Seven strikes the clock.

She heard low murmurs in the sandy reaches,
And knew the sea no longer was at rest.
The black clouds scudded o'er the level beaches,
And barred the moonlight on the ocean's breast.
The night wore on, and grew the shadows longer;
Far in the distance of the silvered seas
Tides lapped the rocks, and blew the night-wind
stronger,
Bending the pines and stripping bare the trees
Round Chaleur Bay.
Nine strikes the clock.

Then Alice came; on Hannah's breast reclining,
She heard the leaves swift whistling in the breeze,
And, through the lattice, saw the moon declining
In the deep shadows of the rainy seas.
The fire burned warm; upon the earth was sleeping
The faithful dog that used his steps to follow.
“'Tis almost midnight,” whispered Alice, weeping,
While blew the winds more drearily and hollow
O'er Chaleur Bay
Twelve strikes the clock.

Then Hannah told old tales of France: strange
stories
Of Cinq-Mars' fall; of Richelieu's grand dreams;
Of fair chateaus; of art's triumphal glories
In old Versailles; of brave Jacques Cartier's
schemes;

Of lost Port Royal and its winter palace;
How her dead husband's family had shone
In arts provincial. Glowed the cheek of Alice,
And half her thought went wandering to the
Rhone

From Chaleur Bay.

No organ stands beneath a bust of Pallas,
No painted Marius to the ruin clings,
No Ganymede, borne up from airy Hellas,
Looks through the darkness 'neath the eagles'
wings.

But the sweet pictures from the shadowed ceiling
Reflect the firelight near old Hannah's chair,—
One a fair girl with features full of feeling,
And one a boy, a fisher, young and fair,
Of Chaleur Bay.

That boy returns with humble presents laden,
And when the bells ring out at early morn,
To the old church he hopes to lead the maiden,
And with one jewel her white hand adorn.
Now Hannah drops her cheek—the maiden presses,
“He will return when come the morning hours,
And he will greet thee with his fond caresses,
And thou shalt meet him diademed with flowers.”

Sweet Chaleur Bay!

One strikes the clock.

Gray was the morning, but a light more tender
Parted at last the storm-clouds' lingering glooms.

The sun looked forth in mellowness and splendor,
Drying the leaves amid the gentian blooms,
And wrecks came drifting to the sandy reaches,
As inward rolled the tide with sullen roar;
The fishers wandered o'er the sea-washed beaches
And gathered fragments as they reached the shore
— Of Chaleur Bay.

Nine strikes the clock.

Then Alice, with the village maidens roaming
Upon the beaches where the breakers swirl,
Espied a fragment 'mid the waters foaming,
And found a casket overlaid with pearl.
It was a treasure. "How happy he who claimed it,"
A maiden said: "'tis worthy of a bride."
Another maid "the ocean's dowry" named it,
But gentle Alice, weeping, turned aside—
Sad Chaleur Bay!—

Ten strikes the clock.

And went to Hannah with the new-found treasure
And stood again beside the old arm-chair;
The maids stood round her radiant with pleasure,
And playful wove the gentians in her hair.
Then Hannah said, her feelings ill dissembling,
"Some sailor lad this treasure once possessed;
And now, perhaps," she added, pale and trembling,
"His form lies sleeping 'neath the ocean's breast
In Chaleur Bay."

Twelve strikes the clock.

Now on her knee the opened box she places,
Her trembling hand falls helpless to her breast,
Into her face look up two pictured faces,—
The faces that her sailor-boy loved best.
One picture bears the written words, “My Mother,”
Old Hannah drops her wrinkled cheek in pain;
“Alice”—sweet name—is writ beneath the other,—
Old Hannah’s tears fall over it like rain.

Dark Chaleur Bay!

One strikes the clock.

The spring will come, the purple swallow bringing,
Fair Easter’s bloom where Christmas snowflakes
fell,
But nevermore the time of flowers and singing
Will hope revive in her poor heart to dwell.
Life ne’er had brought to her so dark a chalice,
But from her lips escaped no bitter groan;
They ’mid the gentians made the grave of Alice,
And Hannah lives in her old cot alone

On Chaleur Bay.

Eleven strikes the clock.

Frau Susanne ended the novel entertainment by singing an ancient carol. Jack’s Christmas was long remembered—every one had given, and received in giving.

CHAPTER XV.

A MYSTERY.—THE PIGEON COMES BACK.—A WRECK.

CHRISTMAS had passed at the Mariners' House, Holiday Home. There had been heavy storms on the coast, and gray mists hung over the ocean and headlands. The short shaded days and long nights, with storms and fogs, shut out the sun from the Square.

Jack was fully recovering. He walked about the house on a crutch for a time, then put his crutch away. He still slept in the cock-loft.

One gray morning, when a great storm had been followed by snow, sleet, thick fogs and all kinds of weather, Jack awoke and saw something fluttering at the frost-glazed window. He had seemed to dream that he had heard a fluttering there during the night. He rose, went to the window, and opened it. A pigeon was there. It was the messenger bird that he had fondled in his sickness and that had showed him so much of the goodness and providence of God, and the beauty of a true heart.

He took in the bird out of the chilly wind. He held it up, and said to her:

“So you have come back, my beauty—come back to see Jack again—how is your wing?”

A surprise followed the question. To the wing was tied a small roll of paper.

The bird spread out her wing and he untied the roll. He unrolled the paper and read: “*In distress—on the reef of Norman’s Woe—send help or we are lost.*”

Jack ran downstairs with the message.

The old sailors read it.

“How did the bird find the way here in the fog?”

“Preacher,” said an old sailor, “there was light above the fog yesterday. Did you not notice that at times the sun almost shone through? The bird may have been at the window all night.”

“That I think,” said Jack, “I dreamed or thought I heard a fluttering at the window.”

“We must hurry down to Gloucester,” said a hardy mariner, “and give the alarm to the fishermen. The ship may be breaking up.”

Three hardy sailors, two of whom had been “off the banks,” started at once for Gloucester to try to find means for relieving the ship in distress.

Jack gave the roll of paper to Father Taylor, and went out into the storm with the three sailors.

Father Taylor went to the cock-loft, seized the bird, hid her in the bosom of his great coat, and went after them, talking to the bird as he hurried on through the foggy streets.

"You little creature," said he, "you have the heart of God. I love you for the sake of God, you darling, darling bird!"

It occurred to him that the message was not sent to the Mariners' Home, but that the bird had taken it to her own home, and finding no one to receive it, had brought it to the place where her wing had been healed.

The fog had lifted when the party reached Gloucester. They gave the alarm, and boat after boat was put out into the thinning fog.

The schooner, for such she was, was found, and the crew were rescued.

As the boats were pushing away from the reef, the captain said:

"Where do you hail from?"

"From the Mariners' Home of the Boston Port Society," said one of the men.

"That is strange," said the captain. "How did you know that we were in distress?"

"The bird—the pigeon."

"That is stranger—I sent the bird home—to Salem—my home is in Salem. How did she get to the Mariners' Home, Boston?"

"She had been there before," said Jack. "She came there with a hurt wing, weeks ago."

"That is mysterious—I sent her out about that time to return to her male and young, with a message to my wife. She must have been side-tracked in

the air. Something must have happened to her—a carrier pigeon always returns to her male and young.”

They talked of the storm, of the running of the schooner on the reef, and of the wonderful rescue. A sudden gratitude seemed to come into the captain's eyes

“That was a bird of God,” said he. “I wish I could see her again. She had a faithful heart.”

The good preacher opened his weather coat.

“Here is your bird,” said he, “whatever mysteries there may be about her, she has always carried a true heart.”

“I mind,” said the captain, “that that other message tore her wing, and that she followed a flock of pigeons home. Do you keep pigeons at the Mariners' Home?”

“Yes, thank heaven, we do,” said the preacher, “and they help me in my Gospel work. That pigeon has been an evangelist.”

They landed at the wharves amid rejoicing people.

“One thing puzzles me,” said the captain to Jack in an aside in the midst of the hurry, “it is why the bird bore the message to you instead of taking it home where its mate and nest were. I will find out, and when I come to Boston, I will call at the Mariners' Home and tell you all.”

“I wish I owned that pigeon,” said Jack. “I am in love with the bird.”

“I would give her to you,” said the captain, “were it not that I would not take a bird that has saved me from her mate and nest. It would be cruel—inhuman, so to speak. We should be just even to a bird. I wish, as I said, that I knew why she brought the message to you. I will tell you all some day, Jack; it will all be made clear, but whatever the bird did she did with a true heart, Jack. I sometimes think that to be true-hearted is more than anything else in life. But I can’t talk of these things now—thank God—we are saved.”

“I wish I could rescue men always,” said Jack to Father Taylor. “Could you not get me a place at a light-house, where I could be on the watch out in the storm?”

The rescuers returned to the Mariners’ Home, but the bird went with the captain. He, too, had her in his great frozen coat, and amid all of the hurry and excitement he did not forget the bird in his bosom.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE POET AND JACK.

ONE day the poet came to see Jack. He kept an open heart, and Jack knew that he could entrust his confidences to that sanctuary. In his long sickness, the sailor boy had been thinking.

“I have been reading Benjamin Franklin,” he said, “and he says that the purpose of life is to do good in the world. What good can a wayfarer like me do in the world? If I could become rich, I would leave money to the Port Society.”

“But, Jack, my boy, the most useful men in the world have died poor; they gave away their fortunes while they were living.”

Jack seemed very much surprised and said:

“I had never heard of that before; tell me of some of them.”

The poet had a congenial subject in hand, and said:

“It is men who live rich for others, rather than those who leave riches for others, who have most benefited mankind, for there are riches that do not

enrich, and honors that do not ennoble. Thomas Jefferson was born very rich for a man of his time. He possessed great estates. He supported a family of some thirty-five persons, and he helped all of his friends in their need. He died so poor that his beautiful mansion called Monticello would not more than pay his debts. The Declaration of Independence, the purchase of Louisiana for the public good, and measures beneficent for the people were his riches. He never used public office for private gain; therein was riches. He sought the public good at his own expense; therein was riches. What were an hundred estates compared to an influence like that! He enriched the world—what of it if he died poor!”

“Have there been many like him?” asked Jack.

“You said it was this class of people who were truly rich. I am afraid that Father Taylor will one day die poor.”

The poet continued, while Jack listened with intense interest:

“It is only success that is won through character that is true success, and that is success that comes through failure, and ends in poverty, and yet encompasses the world with beneficent influences. Men love those who have given themselves to mankind, without thought of wealth or fame.

“Kepler was poor, but he declared that he would rather be the author of the books that he had written than to possess the duchy of Saxony. Titles and

wealth were light indeed to what he did for mankind. His name lives with the stars,—*he lived.*

“ You speak of Father Taylor. Pestalozzi died poor, full of cares, disappointments, and seeming failures. To found the public school in Switzerland, that it might exhibit a new method of education for the world, he sacrificed everything. He wore poor clothes, and went hungry, gave what he earned to others, and was content to live on mush and milk.

“ A prince sent his carriage for him one day, with an invitation to the castle. But the great apostle of education could have had no suitable clothes to wear. He entered the carriage, looked around, and saw a footman standing above him.

“ ‘ What are you up there for ? ’ he asked.

“ ‘ I do not know, sir.’

“ ‘ Get down, get down, and come and sit in the carriage with me, and we will consider the matter.’

“ He probably found that the footman had been placed up there for the want of education. He at least made an example of the common good that he was teaching.

“ His doctor said that he knew when ‘ the angels came to fetch the old man’s soul,—his face shone.’

“ ‘ See that that rosebush is planted over my grave,’ the old man said when near his end. He turned to the rainbow for consolation, when all else seemed to fail him, and wrote:—

“ ‘ O, bow of heaven ! O, bow of heaven !
My soul, give thanks to the Eternal ! ’

“ Poor old man ! The marbles bloom for him everywhere now. It may be that Father Taylor will be long remembered.

“ Over the court of the castle, where he taught poor children and pitied the prisoners, is written, under an old oak bough of marble : ‘ In this castle Johann Heinrich Pestalozzi founded the first public school in the world. ’

“ Kings have no records of such universal influence as that. Yet he died poor, very poor, looking only for a rosebush for a monument. Every school in the world should crown his name with roses on his birthday.

“ Washington made no charge for his services during the Revolutionary War, but he kept an account of his expenses which he presented to Congress when he went back to Mt. Vernon, as a farmer, to make provision for his old age. He was comparatively speaking a poor man. Samuel Adams died poor. Governor Nelson, of Virginia, spent his estate in the cause of liberty, and became very poor.

“ Simon Bolivar gave a large part of his private fortune for the cause of the liberation of South America from Spain, and died in self-exile at the house of a friendly bishop.

“ San Martin, the liberator of Argentina, Chili, and Peru, born in luxury, and schooled in the atmos-

phere of courts, was offered ten thousand ounces of gold for his services in Chili, as a gift of gratitude. 'I did not fight for gold,' said he. He gave the offered present to the state to found the public library of Santiago de Chili. He died in voluntary poverty, going into exile in Europe, that Simon Bolivar might better carry on the work that he had begun. 'The presence of a fortunate general in the country where he has gained power,' he said, 'is detrimental to the state. I have achieved the independence of Peru. I have ceased to be a public man.' He was the greatest of the creoles. Three republics crowned him dead. His motto was:—

“ ‘ *Seras lo que debes ser,
Y sino, no seras nada.*

“ ‘ Thou must be what thou oughtest to be,
And without that, thou shalt be nothing.’

“ It is a motto worthy of the walls of the club-room and schoolroom. It would be a good one for you.

“ I spoke of Jefferson. He lived simply for others. Poor though he died, the nation will ever turn back to the days of republican simplicity when luxury shall endanger the national life. The people are ‘known by the men they crown,’ and it will honor a statesman in any age, to quote the example of Jefferson as one that befits a true citizen of a noble republic. Such lives enrich.”

Jack was receiving new views of life.

"A man," continued the poet, "who seeks to live above others, for the purpose of exciting the envy of others, is cheap and poor, though he win wealth and fame. To do good for its own sake is happiness. When Prince Albert was dying, he said, 'I have had wealth, power, and fame, but if these were all that I had, what would I have now?'"

"But what can I do to be useful?" asked Jack.

"You have already rescued a crew of perishing sailors."

"But it was the pigeon that did that."

"Yes, Jack, but what caused that pigeon to come back to you?"

"I healed her, or helped to do it."

"True, Jack, and it is those whom we lift up who lift us. You may learn a lesson from that messenger bird. You may be rich in influences."

"Let me tell you what is rising in my mind," said Jack. "I could man the lifeboat and pilot her to the peril of life at some lighthouse station, when a ship lifted signals of distress, and then I could preach to the saved men. If we save the bodies of men it is easy to speak to their souls."

"That is a noble purpose, Jack. You are already rich—for it is only the gold that does good that will last."

"I will become a missionary to those in peril on the sea. The pigeon has shown me my way!"



Father Taylor and his Pigeons. Page 277.)

CHAPTER XVII.

A FLOCK OF DOVES.

ONE still day in fall, a company of English sailors had come up to the Square from Long Wharf. They were strangers in the city, and free from the imprisonment on board ship were eager to see the sights of the city that were new to them. Some of them went into the saloons near the wharf, and soon became "hilarious."

Swaggering, joking, bantering, they were passing through the Square when a curious sight arrested their feet.

An old man, bareheaded, and wearing great spectacles, came into the Square with a pan of corn. Immediately the air was full of wings, blue, white, and brown. The sailors saw that the birds were pigeons, and looked up to them in a merry mood to see them come down to be fed.

The birds alighted on the old man's tin pan, on his shoulders and arms, and one of them perched upon his head. The old man threw some of the corn on the ground, and a part of the birds dropped down to eat it there.

"It is tame, them pigeons be," said one of the sailors to the old man. "What makes them all so friendly, the corn?"

"Good treatment, Jack," said Father Taylor, for the old man was the sailor preacher. "Right treatment wins the world. This is the Mariners' Home, Jack. Go in, one and all, and we will treat you well, and try to do you good. Come in to-night and hear me preach. I may not be great as a sermon-izer, but the Lord has a message for you which he has committed to me."

"Ah, come along. What are you bothering here for?" said a rude seafarer. "We are on shore for fun, and it is only one day of it and one night of it that we will have."

When the pigeons had eaten the corn they flew up again to the roof of the tall building, except one. That one continued to sit on Father Taylor's shoulder.

"He is waiting for more corn," said one of the sailors.

"No, no," said Father Taylor. "He is pigeon-pecked, cut out as it were from the company of the rest of the birds. I do not know why it is there are some creatures that get cast out. Heaven forbid that any such should be cast away. The bird hovers around me because I protect him."

There was a sermon in what Father Taylor had said, though he did not see it. Some of the men

felt their hearts softening towards the preacher whom this solitary bird owned.

“Night is coming on,” said Father Taylor, “and, boys, it will be better for you to come back here, after you have seen the town. Keep your money for your families—happiness comes from things that money cannot buy. The people whom you are likely to meet who will seek to get your money away from you are no friends to you—they would do nothing for you after your money is gone.”

“We must have some fun,” said one of the leaders of the company, “all after a long, hard voyage. Come on!”

The sailors followed him.

They called at the counters along the way where liquors were sold and lost their wits. A quarrel arose among them in one of the shops, and the police arrested them for disorderly conduct.

“Have you any friends in the city?” asked one of the policemen.

“None,” said the sailors.

“Only one,” said one of the men.

“Who is that?” asked the policeman.

“It is—well I do not know his name—an old man with a pigeon on his head. He has a dove-cote.”

“Who told you that he was your friend?”

“The pigeon, sir.”

“That was Father Taylor of the Port Society. If we will take you back to the Mariners’ Home will you follow his advice until you leave the port?”

All took off their hats. .

“That we will, sir, and may Heaven keep ye, the gentleman that ye are,” said the leader.

The policemen led the way to the North Square and left the disorderly sailors in the charge of Father Taylor.

The preacher received them as brothers, and preached to them from the text: “Who are these that fly as doves to the windows?”

As the leader of the jovial sailors turned away from the door of the Mariners' House the next morning, he said to Father Taylor: “I am going out into the hard world, but I am asking God for a new soul—that I am—you shall hear from me again.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

A CAT IN THE PIGEON HOUSE.

ONE day the sea captain from Salem, whose schooner had been rescued from the reef of Norman's Woe, came to Boston and spent the night at the Mariners' Home. It was deep winter now. He was hailed by the seafarers there who had heard of the wreck and especially by those who had been told the story of the wonderful pigeon.

He brought the bird with him.

"Here, Jack, my hearty," he said to Jammie, "I have brought her to you, and I am going to leave her in your care. Her mate is dead and I am about putting out to sea again."

In the evening the sailors gathered in the reception room before the fire. It was a wild night. Shutters banged and windows rattled, and the clouds flew scudding over the moon. The "boys" came in early, and some of the sailors said to the Salem captain:

"Explain to us now the mystery of the pigeon."

"I will do that later," said the captain.

Apples were set in rows before the fire, corn was popped in a "popper," a new thing for them, and stories of the far seas were told, of frigate birds, albatrosses, stormy petrels and seamews.

At last Jack related the wonderful story of the wonderful pigeon, holding the bird in his hand.

The bird did not seem to hear, for she hid her head under her wing silently, while the sailor lad told as much of her story as he knew.

"And now, captain," said he, "you must tell the rest. Why did not the pigeon fly home to her mate and squabs on the stormy day, instead of her coming here?"

"She did, my lad."

"Then why did she come here?"

"Ah, she was that faithful—let me tell you, Jack, and all—*there was a cat in the pigeon-house*. The cat had eaten the squabs. The house was closed; the doors were fastened, my wife had gone to the city. There were no lights in any rooms; everything was silent there."

"Had the cat eaten the male?"

"No, he has been seen since. He, it is likely, had gone out wandering over the country to try to find her."

"That is marvelous," said Jack, "and is it your opinion if he had found her, that he would have told her that the cat had eaten their young?"

"You have got me there, Jack. Who can say?"

But when she found her young dead, and her mate gone, and the house closed, where next should she fly, Jack?"

"To the window of her next best friend, captain."

"That she did, Jack. Heaven bless you for your large heart; that she did. She mounted into the thin mist and made a bee line for you. Ah, 'tis a sorry bird that she is now—with her head under her wing."

"Pass her around," said the sailors, "pass her around."

The captain held her up. But her head remained under her wing.

"The nails of her feet seemed to be sticking into my hands," said the captain, "and her feet were cold."

He tapped the bird on the head, but there was no motion of her head or wing.

"That is strange," said he. "I do believe that the bird is dead."

It was so. The messenger bird would mount into the skies over the land and seas no more.

"Do you think that bird had a soul, Jack?" asked the captain.

Jack choked.

"Here take her," said the captain—"have her stuffed and carry her with you—it will bring you good luck, Jack, only to look at her, when you are in doubt what to do or where to go. That bird had a

faithful heart, Jack. There are some birds and animals that it makes us better to remember."

The sailors passed the dead bird from one to another, and each had some remark of genuine good-heartedness to make.

"That sight calls out of us the best that is within us," said one old salt, of but few words.

"So it is always," said the preacher, "when we give our hearts to any of God's creatures."

"He prayeth best who loveth most,
All things both great and small."

Jack went up the stairs smoothing the feathers of the dead bird as it lay in his hands.

CHAPTER XIX.

SHIP PIGEONS.—THE LAST MESSAGE.

THE carrier pigeon had not only taught young Jack the lesson of the spiritual life, and so became, as it were, a living parable to him, but was also leading him to see a way that he could be most useful on the sea.

English sea captains were at this time giving great attention to inventions for saving life on the sea—to rockets, cork buoys, mortars, rafts and like means of bringing sailors to land from wrecked ships.

The captain who had been saved by the means of the pigeon presented some carrier pigeons to Jack. He sent them to him by stage coach one day, and Jack received them with delight and added them to the colony of birds in Father Taylor's wonderful pigeon-house.

“I am going to raise a flock of carrier doves,” he said to the preacher, “and I will make their home so happy that they will all return again.”

“And therein is a secret of life, my boy. You

have found it out—the heart goes back again to a happy home whether it be a man's heart or a pigeon's. One of the greatest duties of life is to make a happy home. But what will you do with your pigeons, Jack?"

"I will use them for life-saving stations."

Jack began to study the new inventions for life-saving stations. He procured rockets which he learned to use for signals of distress, and he invented a curious buoy of cork and sail cloth.

Jack became an assistant at the Mariners' House. His pigeons multiplied. He gave them to the Gloucester fishermen and to sailors from Boston who would meet perilous waters off the banks.

He sought to invent a rocket that would shine out in the sky like a star and long hold its light. He called this rocket the "Star of Bethlehem," for among the hymns that the sailors loved to sing was Henry Kirke White's religious experience as told in a hymn that bore that name—

"Once on the stormy seas I rode,
The wind was high, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely
The wind that tossed my floundering bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck I ceased the tide to stem,
When suddenly a star arose—
It was the Star of Bethlehem."

Jack's interest in life-saving found him a place as an assistant at the lighthouse off Portland Head

at last, and when he left the Mariners' Home he took the carrier pigeons with him.

"They will return," said he to Father Taylor, "if I keep them away from here a year. The heart forgets not a happy home—it *will come back again.*"

A year passed.

It was a fall of storms. There had been great wrecks. Father Taylor had thought of Jack in these days of raging, roaring coasts. A year had passed since he went away.

One day there came a strange bird to the pigeon-house. It bore a slip of paper on its wings. The sailors opened the window of Jack's old room in the loft, and it came in.

They detached the paper from its wing, and hurried to Father Taylor—it read:

"The ship cannot live, and I can never reach the shore on this side of life. I will meet you on the other shore. Take care of my birds. The sailor that the policeman brought back has a new soul. He says, 'God bless you, Father Taylor.'

"Yours forever,

"JACK."

Father Taylor sank on his knees, holding the note in his hand, and said:

"The bird comes back to her home. Blessed are they who make happy homes for all hearts,

whether they be human hearts or those of the animals of the field or the *birds of the air*. Jack, Jack, you cannot hear me now, but I will never forget thee."

He went out into the square. The sky was blue, and full of the upward wings of the pigeons as the birds were about to make their daily excursion into the country.

As he watched their glimmering wings, he said:

"They are a part of my church, and they have taught me how to preach as I never could have done without them. If I had children, I would teach them to make little brothers of the unprotected animals and birds. I would make the swallow's nest sacred to a school, as the Hebrews made it a part of the altar. O Jack, we will never forget thee, Jack."

The old North Square has changed. The pigeon-house has gone, and Father Taylor has long slept in Mt. Hope Cemetery. Boston long loved to recall what he preached to the sailors and what he did for them, and there were some who especially loved him because he was loved by the birds, and made the roof of his simple temple a parable of living wings.

The ideas of Elizabeth Palmer Peabody may now be seen in Boston embodied in half an hundred kindergarten day-schools and many kindergarten Sunday-schools, in the Elizabeth Peabody House, and in Charles Bank, of the sand gardens, which I wish my readers would visit in summer time.

May I also wish that some of my readers might imitate poor Jack's plan of a Sunday-school for wholly neglected people? The education of the spiritual faculties after the Gospel teaching is the noblest thing in life; wealth to it is dust, and fame a bubble. Live for the things that live, and for the influences that multiply and grow.

Perhaps this volume may have some suggestions for such work.

Help every one and hinder none.
Life brings us no experience however hard
But we may glorify by noble attitude.
'Tis those we've lifted us will lift at last
And every enemy we change into a friend
Will bless us with the angel of his thought,
When comes the final hour. Help every one
And hinder none.

Each hour we think
Of others more than self, that hour will live,
And every lowly sacrifice we make
For others' good shall make life more than self,
And ope the windows of the soul to light
From higher spheres. So bear thy cross with joy.
For thee, shall evermore be worlds to come,
And melt the clouds in arching irises
Before the uncurtained sun. Help every one,
And hinder none. Forgiveness thee forgives
And makes thy life divine,

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